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THE FOND ADVENTURE.

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V. HOW PERCIVAL WAS BOLD AND THE CAPTAIN BOLD.

In the morning very early Percival Perceforest rose from his bed of straw in the stables, and busied himself with the horses' provand, singing softly as he worked,

Now, Winter, go away,
And hide thy white array,
Gratia Magdalene —

while his bedfellow, the true stirrup-groom, giped as he lay. Yesterday and yesternight had wrought wonders with the young man. He had a clear colour, his eyes shone, courage tingled in his fists. So much was this the state of his case that within a short half-hour of his rising he was pommelling that other groom, that other him again, as if all his future bliss were staked upon it. Battle was cried and delivered in the inn-yard, where Captain Brazenhead, his first flagon on his knee, sunned himself and enjoyed the game. Discretion was no part of that great man's equipment, boldness was all. 'Stick in your right, Piers,—at him again! Now, now, now, land him on the ear! Ah, foul blow! Swing round, boy—paff! now let drive——' Such were his vociferous comments on the scuffling youths. In less time than it has taken me to write this exordium Percival had a black eye, his colleague a mouth full of red teeth, many of which he was forced to discard. The air was thick with eyes and alarms; Mawdley Touchett strained in anguish from an upper window, provocatively dishevelled; Sister Petronilla watched through a chink in the shutter; the Prioress in awful majesty descended to the yard, and required the truth. The real stirrup-boy, whose name was Jenkin, said, 'This fellow called me a black liar;'

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snorting yet, Percival added, 'And that art thou, my man.' The truth being demanded, Captain Brazenhead struck in with many a courtly bow.

'Dear Reverend Madam,' he said, 'now we may well discern the truth of the vulgar saw, *Blood will out*. I speak not of this knave's blood, which is a very disgusting topic, not to be entered on so early in the day; but rather of that secret fount of our life which we call a man's *Blood*: meaning his strain—that essence, that quick ichor, that imparted jet, that spring, that far-descended well, which wanders from the Navel of the World down the Protuberance of Time, searching for (but when to find?) the Sea of Eternity. In truth, Reverend Madam, my nephew is something lowly placed in your service. For, look now, had he been where Nature, that wise parent, had designed, he had had a dagger in his girdle to insinuate under that other's girdle—ah, he had carried a sword! Then there had been no rough and tumble of fisticuffs, Madam: no, but a slick-out and a slick-in, and a dead knave to bury. I hope I make my meaning plain. This lout angered my nephew as he was loyally (O likeness to Apollo!) serving Queen Admeta—dear Madam, forgive an old latinist, incorrigible dog. My nephew says, "You lie, knave," meaning that what he dared say of your ladyship was far from the truth—no less. My nephew ups and smacks him on the chops; head down, fists in the air, lick-pot comes on to his doom. One, two—one, two—my nephew lands him in the teeth: up again! down again! Sola! My nephew, at the cost of an eye, Madam, vindicates his own lineage and his dear mistress's nobility; at the cost of one eye, observe. I hope I explain myself, dear Reverend Madam.' Thus the Captain, while Percival tried to temper his breath, and Jenkin tested tooth after tooth.

The Prioress looked gravely from one to another—regardless alike of her niece at the upper window and her household at the gate—at the engaging candour of Captain Brazenhead, whose explanatory hands still showed her their palms, at Percival's flushed cheeks and heaving chest, at Jenkin's preoccupation with the ruin of his teeth. Mostly she looked at Captain Brazenhead—not because she liked him the best; for Percival was handsome and master of the Romaunt de la Rose, whereas the Captain was neither; no, but because he was her chief justification for what she was about to do. The Captain put his lineage very high, assumed lightly certain privileges which she held dear. If this personable, scholarly youth were the Captain's nephew—and who

proposed to deny it?—then she was acting Admetus to Apollo indeed. Piers had played a gentleman's part without a gentleman's weapons; he had a soft voice, and knew the Romaunt de la Rose. She must reward Piers—and she did.

'Piers,' she said, 'go into the house and have your eye dressed. Sister Petronilla will see to it. You say that you have acted rightly: I am sure I hope so. I will talk to you presently. As for you, Jenkin, I shall leave you to the care of Dan Costard'—Dan Costard was the Prioress's chaplain, a fine disciplinarian—'but I hope that, before you see him, you will clean yourself. Captain Brazenhead, I am very much obliged to you for your timely interposition.' The Captain bowed. He held the lady in conversation for some half an hour, while Percival was having his eye dressed, not by Sister Petronilla. His own lineage, and by implication Percival's, lent him topics. It was exceedingly distinguished. Assurbanipal, King of Syria, by his union with Blandamira daughter of the Prince of the Kurds, was the root of his title. Those two valiant knights-errant, Sir Partenopex of Blois and Sir Tyrant the White, figured later on, about the time of King Uther Pendragon (inextinguishable enemy of the Brazen-heads); and Duke Regnier of Genoa, one of the twelve Peers of Charlemagne, was a collateral. Magnificent as this pedigree was, the Captain frankly admitted the irregularity of the tie which bound the exalted pair from whom it sprang; but attributed it to the loose state of manners prevailing in their times, the darkness all over the moral state, and the inexplicably tardy approach of the Christian dispensation. 'All this,' said he, 'I know as well as your ladyship, and as heartily deplore it. But who are we, to judge the practices of ancient kings? My ancestor of Syria, burthened with many lawful wives (another deplorable custom of his age), was hard pressed, what with his domestic and politic engagements. There may not have been a priest handy in Kurdistan at the time he fell on loving Madam Blandamira—it is probable that there was not. And it would ill become me or my nephew Thrustwood to impeach an union of hearts, of whose passionate commingling we ourselves are the late, pale flowers. With all this,' he concluded, 'I vex your ladyship's good ears, that your ladyship may see how ill-suited my nephew must be in a stable jacket, reduced to double his two fists into cudgels for lack of a fine sword to grip. I make bold to add, Advance my nephew, you do honour to the imperial seed of Assurbanipal and

the noble (if erring) Blandamira!’ The Prioress, who appeared to be very much impressed with this long recital, after thanking Captain Brazenhead, returned thoughtfully to the house, but not in time to see the balm which Mawdley Touchett was applying to the eye of the Syrian imp.

In this simple manner Percival Perceforest was advanced from stirrup-groom to secretary, although he could lend no more testimony than a fine colour to his kinsman’s account of his ancestry. This, however, he lent liberally, with a modesty so becoming that the Prioress gave him a chain of fine gold for his neck. Alresford furnished forth a suit of brown velvet; he now rode the horse which formerly he had curried, and had the boy in his service with whose teeth he had littered the yard. Thus the Fortunate Gods seemed to favour him, or rather his fistie ability. His place was now by the side of his mistress, between her and Mawdley Touchett.

The day was still young when they left the town, and had need to be, for they were to reach Waverley that night, and hoped to pass the heat of noon at Alton. Again, as they went, they began with minstrelsy, which Percival (out of a full heart) could pour in a flood. And now the lad was more daring than he had been. ‘If it do not displease your ladyship,’ he said, ‘I shall sing you a ballade of my own making, which is in honour of Saint Mary Magdalene—my patroness,’ he added with a thankful, tell-tale sigh. Mawdley Touchett, knowing that song of old, looked scared: Sister Petronilla turned up her eyes; and Captain Brazenhead thought it prudent to change the conversation.

‘The conversion which I wrought by means of that blissful Saint is very dear in my mind,’ he began. ‘The Bashaw Korouc, I remember, met me in the rocky defiles above Ascalon——’ but the Prioress said, ‘Sing, Piers, of Saint Mary Magdalen,’ so Percival thrust up his chin, and sang:

Now, Winter, go away,
And hide thy white array,
Gratiâ Magdalene!
Thy pelt is all too rude
To drape her melting mood——
Dominæ Laus amœnæ!

Come, April, thou, with showers,
Bring daffodils, wind-flowers,
Gratiâ Magdalene;
Bring in the young lamb’s bleat,
Soft rain, and gentle heat,
Dominæ Laus amœnæ!

Let me go clothed in wet,
Tears be my carcanet,
Gratiâ Magdalena;
Silver my extern part,
Deep red about my heart,
Domina Laus amœna!

Lady of sweet unrest,
Should I not love her best,
Gratiâ Magdalena?
Unquiet go I, unkist,
Her starvèd rhapsodist,
Domina Laus Amœna!

'Thus women sing women, but not men women,' said Smith the mariner to his wife. 'Here we have for certain old Brazen-top's *mye*.'

'What hast thou to do with that since I am with thee, sweetheart?' asked she.

'More than Saints' love went to the making of that song, young gentleman,' was the judgment of Dan Costard, the bony old priest from Ambresbury.

'We needs must love as we are able, sir,' Percival replied. 'And, for my part, I hope Saint Mary Mawdleyne will heed my crying and give me good comfort in the end.'

'Comfort is the man's part in crying matters,' says the Shipman; 'and comfort I have in my pocket for thee.'

'I want none of your comfort, I thank you, master Smith,' Percival cried: to which the Shipman retorted that he had been glad enough of it once upon a time. With a tale from Dan Costard, which has been told in another place, the day wore to an end. They came out of Hants into Surrey by the sandy way of Farnham, and rested that night within sound of the tumbling weirs of Wey, in the guest-chambers of the Abbot of Waverley. Percival charmed them to sleep by his sweet singing.

VI. HOW PERCIVAL ROSE WHERE CAPTAIN BRAZENHEAD FELL.

NEXT morning it might have seemed that Percival had reached, and over-reached, his zenith of ascension. For the Prioress, rising too early for Mass and walking abroad to meditate, found him with Mawdleyne Touchett in a singular situation. The girl, in fact, was seated by a fish-pond with her feet bare and still wet from the water, and Percival on his hands and knees before her,

ardently embracing and kissing those same wet feet. 'Oh, dearest feet!' he was saying, and she, 'Ah, foolish boy! Ah, foolish boy!' but manifestly thinking nothing of the kind. The Prioress coughed, not loudly; the cuckoo, which happened then to be calling over the meadows, obscured the discreet sound. So Percival pursued his amorous transports and Mawdleyne suffered the raptures afforded by such homage undisturbed. 'Boy and girl,' mused the Prioress, 'together in the spring pastures; flowers all about them, flowers in their faces, flowers making sweet their breath. Shall not flower lean to flower? What harm do they do? They have all life before them; mine is rounding its course. Let life for me end on a mellow note. This Piers is a gentle boy—good blood, I feel assured, sings in him; he hath not a pipe so true for nothing. And if my niece played the mischief with Perceforest, Piers shall wash away the stain. Pretty dears, I will not disturb them; but I will question Captain Brazenhead a little further.'

Questioned, the Captain (who had been picking rose champions) lifted his shoulders to his ears, lowered his brows, produced indefinitely his mouth to meet them, spread his palms, then solemnly enfolded his bosom. He gave the effect of an inverted arch, and implied deference, noble humility, some philosophy, and a friendly alliance of benevolent neutrality. 'Madam,' he said, 'may I not add, Reverend Friend, these pretty plays of my enamoured nephew and your lovely niece may end (why should I not say it?) as they ought to end. If I applaud my nephew's sagacity, may you not in your turn approve this tribute to your niece's beauty?'

'Why,' said the Prioress, 'there has been such tribute paid before—for instance, by Perceforest, my brother's page. Sincere enough, I have no doubt; but tribute is to be valued by the worth of the tributary.'

'Have at you there, dearest Madam,' returned Captain Brazenhead warmly, 'have at you there! If we are considering *worth*, for example!'

'You refer, I suppose, to King Assurbanipal and the fair Blandamira?' said the Prioress.

'I did refer to their Majesties, I confess,' replied the Captain. The Prioress had no enthusiasm upon this exalted pair. 'I fear,' she said, 'that the title and estates have been alienated long since. Such things would appeal to my brother Sir Simon's

understanding before a fine descent. As for lineage, indeed, the Touchetts do pretty well.'

'Touchett! Touchett!' said the Captain, 'dear, dear, dear! Oh, Touchett is a good Norman house. Your Rolf Touchett held up the Bastard at Pevensey, I believe. Very fair, very fair! But the King of Assyria, but the Peer of Charlemagne, Partenopex of Blois, Palmerin, Tyrant the White!'

'Captain Brazenhead,' said the Prioress with dignity and point, 'when you exalt your house at the expense of my own, you compel me to ask myself, why the scion of Partenopex of Blois took the trouble to abduct a stable boy and hide him naked in a ditch on Winchester Meads?'

'Thomas on the Pavement!' said the Captain to himself. 'What a still puddle it is!' Aloud he said, 'Rack and pincers, Madam, could not force me to tell you what that boy had done, or how far he deserved what he got.' This was perfectly true, and the Prioress believed it. 'I will not apply such insistence,' she said mildly, 'for I agree with you that it would fail.'

'Ah, Madam,' said the Captain, taking her hand, 'you and I know the world.' This pleased the Prioress, who did not immediately perceive how little it met her argument. 'Madam,' the Captain went on rapidly, 'if my dear blood is perhaps too dear to my barren loins; if in default of lawful issue—of issue, I should say (if I speak the whole truth), if mindful of my ancient race, if with a heart overful, outvailing head overtaxed; if philogenous, if stirpiferous, puffed with pedigree, prolific, wily, fertile in shifts, if one and all these things I stand naked to the world, do you wonder, dear and gentle lady, that I run to cloak myself in You? If by the hand, a shorn lamb, I lead my pretty nephew; if I bid him curry your nags, hold your stirrup, batter soft your cushion, sing to you, tell you age-long romance, bear your napkin on his arm, your livery on his King-begotten back—if I do this, why do I do this? Because I love the boy, Madam, and because——' the Captain bared his head, kneeling, 'and because I love your ladyship! Yes, Madam,' he went on bitterly, 'the bloody, crafty, notched, maimed old soldier is touched at last! You will not misunderstand me, I know. I love indeed; but as Plato, as the Seven Sages, as Ptolemy, as Hermes the Threefold Mage, as the Abbot Ammonius, as Simeon Stylites, as the Venerable Bede, might love. Spiritually, that is inwardly, in the skyey places, under the shadow of angel's feathers. Is it

madness to love so? Then Plato was mad, then Venerable Bede was an ass. Is it wicked to love so? Then it is wicked to seek your shelter for my nephew's nakedness. Is it hopeless? Then I am damned. Are you angry? Then I hope I am damned. Are you content? Then I sing *Gloria Tibi*, and recall memories of my good mother, at whose knee I learnt to say, *Amo te devote!*'

The Captain, out of breath, but filled instead with the soft wind of ecstasy, rapturously kissed the caught hand of the Prioress. She, confused, had little to say. Percival and Mawdley, who came upon her while their mouths were still much too close together, had still less to say. They parted as by a thunder-shock and stood still, their heads hanging like tired roses. 'Children,' said the Prioress, 'where have you been?'

'I walked in the meadows, if it please you, good Aunt,' says Mawdley, 'and Piers has dried my feet for me.'

'Do you understand this service then, Piers, as well as that of minstrelsy?' asked his mistress.

Percival modestly replied that he had done his best to understand it, and so should always do with every office which might please her good ladyship. They went back through the fields to hear Mass and break their fast. The buttercups were so tall that they brushed Mawdley's knees and dusted her with gold—a charming sight, which, as Captain Brazenhead remarked, made Danaë of the girl, and so of Percival an object of contempt to all high-minded men. 'Perceforest, my young sprig,' he improved the occasion by saying, 'the pace is too hot to last. We cannot stay, you and I, at such a course. We must break away, Percival, lest we be broken.' Percival was too flushed with adventure to heed him. 'My cup is full, sir, shall I not drink? For such a morning as this I would contentedly be drubbed every night by Sir Simon himself. Oh, her feet! Oh, her tender hands! Oh, her heart!' And so on, and so on. All this filled his friend with disquiet.

On their way by Crooksbury to Guildford and the White Down, Captain Brazenhead drew from the stores of his garnered experience that remarkable tragic tale which decorates another page; but interesting as it, and subsequent comments upon it, might prove, great press of matter drives me forward to Reigate. Fear of congestion, in like manner, compels me to pass over the noble country through which winds the Pilgrims' Way—Compton and Littleton Cross, Saint Catherine's Chapel on the side

of a chalk down, Shalford Meadows and Shalford Ferry, Guildford town, and the long grass road which draws you up to Saint Martha's Church and the wooded ridge. You shall picture our company riding there among the boughs, and guess what opportunities for pilfer—stolen looks, stolen touches, half-heard sighs, whispers, vows: 'Dearest feet! Dearest feet!' and 'Ah, foolish boy!'—there may have been; what earnest talk also held the Captain to the side of his Prioress, and how Master Smith's wife lived silently upon the sight of her bluff husband's eyes. Those galliard eyes were much intrigued by Percival's long nose, out of whose shape the baffled shipman read mystery, a long-lost sweetheart masquerading as a lad, Captain Brazenhead for a terrific rival, himself for a flouted man. There is meat for a tale here. But I am drawn instead to Reigate, a red town on a hill, where you might have found a noble Priory of Austin Canons, with great welcome for their Sister of Ambresbury; a large inn called the Christopher, and a little beerhouse named The Holy Fish. Thither, under the shades of evening, Captain Brazenhead drew young Percival Perceforest, his nephew by adoption, sadly against inclination and nature.

'By Cock, my bird of the bough,' said this warrior, expostulant, 'thou hast had thy fill of toying with thy dear. Work of men is now on hand, battle-work, hack-and-hew, blood and bones, a tragic dish. Am I to remind you that you are beholden to me? Never in this life, I hope.'

'I shall never forget my duty to you, sir,' said Percival warmly, already ashamed of his backsliding.

'Why, that is as well,' returned the Captain, 'for I assure you there will be every temptation. But, in my opinion, you hold the iron and should strike before it cools. The Prioress, let me advise you, has discovered (how, I know not) my innocent little device at Winchester; and although I was able by my arts to give her a check, she is a singling hound, of whom God alone can predict (if He will) how soon she will be nose-in-air again. Therefore, Percival, I say, Time is. Cut the way of Holy Thomas, tuck your sweetmeat under your arm, take the road, ride with me—and ho! for war and dead men's shoe-leather. How does this strike you?'

It seemed a delightful plan to the speaker, whose surprise was extreme when Percival drew back. 'What, bawcock, art thou faint?' he cried, generously putting the best excuse foremost.

But Percival was not faint. He was, on the contrary, very red; his eyes were misty, his lips dry. He had to use his tongue to them before he could avow the shameful truth to his benefactor.

'Oh, sir,' he faltered, after many a false start, 'Oh, sir, do not be angry; but I cannot deceive my mistress much longer.'

'Hey,' cried the Captain, 'why? does she smell smoke, do you think?'

'No, no,' Percival assured him; 'but my conscience——'

'Lord of battles, boy!' the Captain roared, 'don't talk of conscience to me. We have our fortunes to make.'

'Let it be then,' says Percival; 'but I dare not add robbery to my fibs.' The Captain stopped in mid-street, and raised his eyebrows as if he saw a snake in the gutter.

'Robbery!' he said in a whisper, 'why, what are maidens for if not to be robbed?'

'Sir, sir, the Reverend Prioress would be robbed if I took Mawdleyne away,' says Percival. The Captain gaped at him.

'Well?' he said, 'why not? Why are we here, knights of the road? Why is she here? Why have I told so many falsehoods, and why hath she believed them, hey?'

'I don't think she hath believed them, sir,' says Percival humbly. The Captain scratched his nose. 'Tush! I must be sadly out then,' he said. 'Do you think it was Tyrant the White she stuck at?'

'Sir, I think rather it was Blandamira the Kurdish princess. But Partenopex of Blois seemed to me rather a hard morsel.'

'Blois is good enough,' said the Captain; 'it must have been that rascally Tyrant. To tell you the truth, I had hoped that Blois would edge me in the other, a great favourite of mine—especially with a lady who could listen all day to the Romaunt of the Rose. And now I remember that she seemed to know something about my little contrivance at Winchester. Well, well, I am vexed about this. But everything conspires to further my counsel to you, Percival. Cut and run, my twittering finch, cut and run.'

'Sir,' said Percival doggedly, 'I will run whithersoever you bid me run; but I shall leave Mawdleyne behind.'

'Then you tire of her?' asked the Captain. 'I am not surprised. The girl is too ripe for her age. Thin ones pall not so soon.' Percival's little eyes kindled.

'Captain,' he says hotly, 'I love my Mawdleyne better than life or heaven; but I will never tempt her to wickedness.'

'You will find that quite unnecessary,' said the Captain. Percival despaired, and changed the conversation by asking abruptly, What was the duty about to be put upon him, which he was quite ready to perform?

'Why,' says the Captain, 'it is this. We are about to visit an exalted friend of mine, here in this town darkly disguised for the exact purpose of meeting with me. He is a gentleman (at present) of greater hope than fortune, and goes—O hush!' he sank his voice to a rushing whisper which could have been heard across the street, 'and goes—ah, be mum!—by the name of CADE. Master John Cade, Jack Cade, Jack Mend-all; so those who love him call him. But, look you here, his name is Mortimer, seed of the loins of King Edward the Third, twin-apple on the stalk which holds King Edward the Fourth——'

'King Edward the—Oh, sir!' says Percival in a tremble, 'why, this is treason.'

'Treason it is,' replied the Captain chuckling; 'damnable treason, and misprision of treason; work for Tower Hill, block-work, chopping-work, my Ganymede.'

'Is it this that you would have me do?' Percival asks; and the Captain, taking his arm, says—'It is! It is!'

They stroll on in silence. Presently Percival asks again, How he can serve Mr. Cade? The Captain became very frank.

'Why,' he said, 'you must know that my friend Mortimer (call him Cade, if you will), although of extremely noble descent, is in this pass, that he can neither read nor write. Other gentlemen of birth and lineage are no better off. We write our names in blood, ha! And here are our stiles, ha!' He patted his hip. 'Now Jack Mortimer,' he went on, 'corresponds with the D—e of B—y, the D—e of Y—k, my L—d of M—h, the K—g of F—e'—these names he indicated in atrocious whispers—'and hitherto hath done his best to cope therewithal by help of an old monk of Bury, a Psalter, and the *Gesta Romanorum*. The result hath been that Jack's correspondence is in a devil of a mess. Moreover, the monk is recently dead of a surfeit. You, my lamb, having the Latin, the French, the Burgundian, the Italian, on the tip of your red tongue, you I have designed to be Jack Mortimer's secretary, from the moment when I first saw you, slim and tearful like Niobus the Great, in Winton Minster. You say that you have deceived the Prioress: me you could not deceive. I saw tongues playing about your

ingenuous front; everything you have done since has but confirmed my opinion. Now, I need not tell a youth of your parts that I open out a golden road for you to travel. Jack will go far. He is ready at all points. His men line the roads; London stirs for him; Kent calls him King. He will give thee a manor and a title, for thou shalt be his right hand. Sir Percival Perceforest, knight; Percival, Baron Perceforest; my lord Viscount Perceforest; *our trusty and well-beloved Cousin and councillor Percival, by the Grace of Jack, Earl of*—Where the devil do you come from, my dear?’

‘From Gloucester, sir,’ says Percival.

‘I perceive that you speak the truth, for you call it Glorster. Then you shall be Earl of Gloucester, when my good lord R——d is P——e of W——s.’ Thus comfortably, as the captain mused aloud and poor Percival found nothing to say, they reached the shuttered green door which announced by a sign on a string that it was that of The Holy Fish. There hung the fish, with a hole in the shoulder where St. Peter’s thumb had held it.

‘I must disguise myself, boy,’ says the Captain. ‘Mum’s the word now; moonlight work begins. You carry innocence all over your face, but I have a plaguily fly-by-night appearance, and must by all means conceal it.’

His method of disguise was admirably simple, for he merely threw his riding cloak over his head. Thus he could neither see nor be seen, neither deceive nor be deceived. This done, he made Percival take his hand, saying, ‘Lead on, noble colleague.’ Percival followed his nose into the doorway of The Holy Fish.

A black-haired, stout, blotch-faced man sat in dirty shirt and breeches at a tressel-board, eating bacon from a skewer. A jack of beer was at his elbow, onions reposed in a basin of vinegar beside him; all about his feet lay letters, parchments, sealed writs in a heap.

His companions were a miller in his cups and a Carmelite. Percival stood modestly in the open doorway, still holding by the hand the muffled, the motionless Captain Brazenhead. The eater of bacon frowned upon the pair.

‘What do you want, knave?’ then said Master Cade, for this was he, ‘and who is your mawmet in a shroud?’ Captain Brazenhead threw off his disguise with a flourish. ‘God help this realm, Jack, if I deceive even thee!’ he said with fervour. Master Cade

resumed his bacon ; the Carmelite had never stopped eating onions ; the miller went to sleep.

Between the bites the great revolutionary asked of his friend, Who was this sprig of jessamy ? The Captain introduced his dearest nephew-by-adoption. 'He hath a long nose,' said Master Cade, 'too long for my taste. We are sworn foes of long noses in Kent, as thou knowest. What are we to do with him, Sol ?'

'He was born under Sagittarius the Archer,' says the Captain, 'and is therefore lucky. Start not at his nose : I tell you he is a penman. I have trained him for thy secretary, Jack !'

Master Cade said Humph ! to this ; but of Percival he asked, 'Where gat Sagittarius, your father, you of the body of your mother ?'

'Sir,' replied Percival, 'I fancy that Captain Brazenhead spoke tropically, by a figure. My father's name is John Perceforest ; he is a clothier of Gloucester.'

'You said he was an archer, Sol,' said Master Cade.

'I spoke exuberantly, as this lad says, and in the tropics,' the Captain admitted. 'Leave his father and his nose alone, Jack.'

'Stop that cackle,' cried Master Cade, who seemed excited, 'and let me get on with the boy. Now, boy, I have the truth of thy father at last. Is that nose of thine his or thy mother's ?'

'My mother, sir, had a longish nose.'

'Losh !' said Master Cade. 'Now, who was your mother ?'

'My mother is dead, sir.'

'I asked you not what she is !' Master Cade was very testy. 'Plague ! will you prevaricate with me ? I asked you who she was.'

Percival answered, 'She was very well descended, sir, as I have been told. Her name before wedlock was Jane Fiennes.'

Master Cade grew livid. 'Lord of Might ! And with a nose like that !' He paused to breathe ; presently asked, 'And whence came your Jane Fiennes ?'

'She came from Kent, sir,' says Percival. Cade threw up his hands and brought them down with a crash on the table. The miller rolled on to the floor and the Carmelite slipped out of the room.

'If I knew not his nose among a hundred ! Jane Fiennes' son, Jane Fiennes' son !' Master Cade was much perturbed. 'Do you know who you are, young gentleman ?' Thus he accosted Percival, who answered, 'An honest lad, sir, if it please you.'

'Honest !' cries Master Cade, 'honest ! you are better than

that, I hope. King Melchior, I'll tell you what you are. You are nephew of Lord Say, that's what you are! Nephew and apparent heir, that's what you are! And you hope yourself honest! Why, sir, you may be a peer of this realm. No need for honesty then, I hope. Honest, quoth he!' He changed his tune abruptly, and turned to the complacent Captain Brazenhead. 'Didst thou lay this trap for me, old gallows?' asked his chief. 'I'll not deny it, Jack,' said the Captain. 'It will serve my turn,' says Cade, 'or may do. When we have cracked the old thief's skull at Sevenoaks, we'll set up this slip of willow in his place, and have a lord on our side. Do you smell? Are you fly?'

The Captain smelt, and was very fly. 'Let me talk to my honoured young friend,' he said, and drew Percival apart.

'Now, Percival,' he began, 'it appears that you are in a fair way. Your mother was Lord Say's sister, and none the worse in that her brother is an old cut-throat, ill-beseeming dog. You are heir to the wicked man your uncle. Now I propose to you an honourable game, fitting to your name, degree, expectation, and parts. You shall stand in with the noble Mortimer and me. We raise all Kent, attack Sevenoaks, slay your uncle at leisure. You come into title and estates, marry your little Touchett (if she still content you), and reward us after your own generous motions. Do you see your way clear? I protest,' cried the delighted Captain, embracing his young friend warmly, 'I protest that is as workmanlike a little cabinet of villainy as I have ever compassed! What is more, it will be of real service to you.'

But Percival did not see his way to the murder of his uncle, and told Captain Brazenhead as much with tears of shame in his eyes. 'Dear sir,' he said, 'I know not what you will think of me—ungrateful, unworthy of your continual favours, I owe you all my earthly happiness; but do not ask me to kill my mother's brother. I will die for you, or at your hands, if you choose; but I cannot dabble in my own blood. Slay me now, Captain Brazenhead, where I kneel'—and kneel he did—'and let Percival die blessing the hand that fells him.' The Captain, profoundly touched, raised him up and kissed him. 'Your sentiments, my Percival, do you honour,' he said, 'though I deplore their effect upon my plans. I must consider what will be best to do now, for I'll be hanged if I know offhand.'

Master Cade had a way of his own. 'If the young gentleman

can't help us, Sol,' says he, 'we had better help ourselves. We should put a winger into him at once, I believe. He must never leave Reigate alive.' The Captain shook his head. 'No, no, my Trojan,' he replied, 'that is a short-sighted way to work. You may trust Mr. Perceforest, I am sure.' He added in a low voice, 'A friendly Lord Say will be better than two dead ones, you fool; let the boy go.' Turning to Percival, he kissed him again, saying, 'Remember your old Brazenhead in after years; for now I must bid you farewell. If I have served you, I am glad. I love you, my boy, and shall pray for you every day. Note this also. You shall do wisely to force your pilgrims on their way with all speed. Kent will be on fire within a week. At Canterbury you shall see either myself or my ghost. Farewell.'

'Farewell, dear sir,' said Percival brokenly. They parted affectionately, like father and son; Percival went out with tears in his eyes.

VII. INCIDIT IN SCYLLAM, CUPIENS VITARE CHARYBDIM.

THE Captain gone, not without comment and discussion, in which Percival's explanation played a poor part, our young man found himself involved in a new difficulty. Smith the Shipman located his long nose. 'Gloucester knew that nose of thine,' he declared, 'as I do verily believe. But her name was not Thrustwood—no, nor nothing like Thrustwood.' Percival did not deny that he had been born in Gloucester. 'I would like to see thee deny it,' said the Shipman. 'I would swear to thy long nose and button mouth before the Lord Mayor of London. And how comest thou,' he asked reproachfully, 'how comest thou trampling after a wicked old tosspot mercenary on pretended pilgrimage, all in a page's breeches? Fie upon such unwholesome dealing!' Percival grew very angry, as well he might; hereupon the Shipman turned his gall to tenderness. 'Child, I loved thee once; pledges we exchanged, we split a coin. I vowed I'd never forget thee, upon my soul.' 'I vow that I have never seen you before, sir, in all my life!' cried Percival hotly, 'nor your good mistress either!' 'Jealousy,' quoth the Shipman, 'jealousy is the mother of lies. What is my wife to thee or to me, who cry back old dead days?' But here, happily, that same lady came out to show what she was to her lord: 'Tease not the boy, honey, tease me!' Thus she wooed him, and left Percival to his other anxieties. These were to

get his people well on the road before it was taken by the grim Captain Cade, and to ponder how he could save at once his mistress' skin, his own skin, and the skin of his exalted uncle.

By ten of the clock—so successful was he—the whole train was in the Vale of Darent. They baited at Otford under the shadow of the Archbishop's house, whence, if Percival could have known it, he might have seen the threatened turrets of Knole high on the wooded hill of Sevenoaks. From that place a very agreeable tale from the Prioress took them peacefully to Wrotham, where they stayed out the heat of the day. If Mawdley had to complain that her lover was cold she did him an injustice. He was consumed with fear on her account; the country was ominously quiet, with no pilgrim-booths in Wrotham town, no folk in the inns, few houses that had not shutters over the windows. They had halted at a smithy a few miles out of the town: 'You must limp it on three feet, Master,' was the answer Percival got. 'There is not a scrap of iron short of Maidstone, I do believe.' 'What have you done with your iron, Master?' asks Percival. 'Ah,' says the farrier, 'that is telling.' A bad answer: but worse was to come.

After dinner, going by the well-worn lane that lies snug under the bosom of the hill, they reached a little place called Trottescliffe, some three miles from Wrotham. Here were an inn, a village-green, a spreading sycamore with a sign-post, a stocks, and a pound. Here also was an armed assembly of peasants, a priest at their head, marching the opposite way with ribald songs about Jack Nape and Harry our King. Now Jack Nape was the name they chose to give the Duke of Suffolk, and the scythes, bills, falchions, glaives, and other weapons they flourished, boded no good to Harry their King. There was much confusion here: the men-at-arms of the Prioress at once became none, by throwing down their pikes and falling upon their knees. Half a dozen rascals roared 'Down with the fat minchin!' half a dozen others snatched up the discarded pikes. Dan Costard showed his mettle. 'We are Saint Thomas' pilgrims, you rogues,' cried he. 'Touch us in jeopardy of Saint Thomas;' and Percival, resenting extremely their reference to the Prioress' condition in this world, drew his dagger.

The Shipman leapt off his horse and caught the poor young man round the waist. 'Vex not thy pretty hands with a man's tools, my fair chuck,' he said coaxingly. 'What if thy disguise should undisguise thee?'

'Avoid me, by heaven, you red fool!' cries Percival in a fury. 'What have you to do with me?'

'Love, my hidden treasure!' said Master Smith, 'Love is my goad. I know what I know.' Percival flamed up.

'Get you gone, look after your wife, Master, and don't talk your balderdash to me,' he said with his teeth together. The Shipman replied that tempest suited a pretty lass better than a flat calm; so women were not like the sea. Percival stared open-mouthed at him. 'What is your meaning?' he said aghast. Master Smith might have told him, had he not been recalled to his wife's side by her shrill complaining. Once more, therefore, that thin woman set Percival free. He turned to the fray; but this had been composed by a colloquy between Dan Costard and the priest, the leader of the rabble.

The peasants, it seemed, were marching to Sevenoaks, to meet (it was obvious to Percival) Captain Brazenhead and Captain Cade. The youth could not see without emotion so many scythes turned to the dismemberment of his uncle, my Lord Say. He felt the call of blood as well as the admonitions of piety. 'Strange!' he thought. 'Yesterday I did not know that his lordship was my uncle, and to-day I must risk my life to save his. But it is so!' He therefore accosted the rebel priest in the gentlest manner he could, inquiring whether he was leading his forces against any person of consequence. 'There is a worthy man dwelling by Sevenoaks,' he added, 'my uncle, whose estate, though it should fall to me by the fact, I would not willingly have disturbed.' The priest, having looked him up and down, said, 'Bless your innocence, young man, we shall never hurt any uncle of yours.' Percival could afford to say, 'I wish I could believe it.' 'But,' he went on, 'I fear the worst from what I know of Master Mortimer, your friend.'

'Ha!' says the priest, 'so you know something.' Says Percival, 'Yes, I do.' The priest rubbed his chin.

'And did he intend any mischief against your uncle, young gentleman?'

'I do verily think so,' says Percival.

'Then,' said the other, 'either you are not what you appear, or Master Mortimer's net hath a small mesh.' The Shipman cut in again.

'If he is what he appears to you,' he said strongly, 'then I am a nun.'

‘And if he is not what he appears to you and to me,’ cried the Scrivener, very much excited, ‘then I was neither deaf nor blind at Winchester, and do know his name, and can shrewdly guess at that of his uncle.’

‘My reverend,’ said Percival, who thought it safer to take no notice of this interruption, ‘I may not tell you my uncle’s name, lest you should do a mischief to those I serve here as faithfully as I can. Alack! I have too many interests to serve, I think. But I will ask you to take a message for me to a hidden nobleman who passes under the name of B——d’ (he sank his voice in uttering this word of power), ‘Captain S——n B——d. Are you acquainted with him?’ The priest scratched his head.

‘Is it a wondrous hairy man? Has he a forest on his nose, hairs on his lip and chin, and fierce hairs which push upwards on his throat like ivy on a stock? Is it a loud talker, speaking of things which he knows little about, and the loudlier speaking the less he knoweth? Is he a kidnapper and a horse-stealer? And doth he affect the use of tongues?’

‘In many things you have rightly drawn the man, but in the accusation of various crimes I hope you are wrong towards him,’ Percival replied with guilty knowledge painting his ingenuous face. ‘At least I suppose him to be the hairiest man in this realm. Tell him from Piers, That if he loves yet the youth he loved once, he will do nothing to hasten the inheritance nor his own reward.’ The priest winked one eye as he said,

‘Your message is dark. But shall I not esSay it?’

‘Hush, O hush!’ Percival whispered, finger on lip; ‘you will undo me.’

‘Tush, my lord,’ quoth the priest, ‘all shall be well.’ He left Percival in a cold sweat; and having made him a profound reverence, drew off his people, who went with songs and cheering for Jack Mend-all. Percival resumed his escort with a heavy heart, and in due time had all safe under the shadow of the famous Rood of Boxley. He could not fail to observe the added respect with which the Scrivener treated him, and was minded to turn that honest man’s skill to his own advantage before it might be too late.

For although he knelt before the sacred and wonder-working Image by the side of his tender Mawdley, yet the Image cast its spells in vain. He drew no comfortable assurance out of the rolling eyes and wagging head which made the vulgar admire; but the place held an awe for him apart from all that; and the conviction settled down with a weight of lead in his heart that now or on the

morrow he must unbosom himself to the Prioress of Ambresbury. And was that to be the end of his fond adventure? Was he to be hounded out of the Prioress' livery as Sir Simon had hounded him out of his? Sir Simon had whipped him for pilfering; might not her Reverence do as much for fibbing? Percival's was that girlish nature that clings the faster for stripes: he knew that the end was not to be then, for Mawdleyne was just such another as he, and when girl's nature loves girl's nature the bond will never be broke. Was such a love as his to be strangled by a confessed fib? Could he abandon his dear, soft, loving maid because his name was Perceforest and not Thrustwood? He saw Mawdleyne's long lashes brush her cheek, saw her folded hands, her lovely meekness: he felt lifted up. Ah, for her sake he had had thwackings on his back, for her sake had lain in ditches o' nights, had begged crusts at farmers' doors, had sung dishonest songs to thieves and their drabs in tap-rooms at midnight. For her sake he had been Captain Brazenhead's nephew, scion of the race of Assurbanipal and Tyrant the White, he had hobnobbed with treason, been mis-conceived by Smith the Mariner, loosened one groom's teeth, indirectly drowned another, gained a black eye, and deceived a noble lady who was so benevolent as to love him. 'Sweet Madonna!' he cried, 'how I have deceived mankind! Sir Simon Touchett thinks I am a common footboy, whereas I am the heir of a lord; Captain Brazenhead thinks I am a rebel, and Captain Cade thinks I am not; the Prioress thinks me Piers Thrustwood; Mawdleyne must think me a liar—which I am; and Master Smith believes me a Glo'ster girl, discredibly attached to (and forsaken by) Captain Brazenhead. Alone in my world, the Scrivener knows me for Percival Perceforest, the heir of Lord Say; and I am bound to admit that him too I should have deceived if I had thought him worth the while. Is there nobody, then, to whom I have not fibbed or wished to have fibbed? Yes: I had forgotten Dan Costard. That good man is under no misconception as to my real person, because he has never troubled his head about me. To him I will impart my secret. If I am to receive the Sacrament at Canterbury, I must confess to-morrow. He shall shrive me.' He concluded tearfully in prayer, and so remained until the Prioress rose from her knees and took Mawdleyne to bed. Full of resolutions for the morrow, Percival also went to bed.

But Captain Smith drew the Scrivener apart by the parlour fire and said, 'Tell me the name of that young spitfire of the Prioress.'

'His name,' said the Scrivener, 'on his own confession, mind you, is Perceforest.'

The Shipman clapped a hand to his thigh with a noise like a carter's whip.

'Perceforest!' he thundered. 'Perceforest of Gloucester! I remember the lass to a hair—long-nosed, thin, snuggling girl—spoke softly and kept her eyes cast down. She had a trick of biting her finger, I recall, very captivating to youth. Sometimes it would be the corner of her apron—better, as being less fanciful. Why, man alive, she used to lean against the door post in Hare Lane by the hour together, and all the evening through, listening to my protestations and tales of the sea—and be at that fingering game all the while! Sakes of me, if I remember that long-nosed wench or not. And her name was Perceforest—now, now, now, was it Moll Perceforest? or Nance? It was Nance. It was never Nance? What did she say her name was, old parchment?'

'I don't know what you are talking about, my good friend,' said the Scrivener, 'and my name is Corbet, descended from Madam Alys, Countess Dowager of Salisbury.' The Captain clapped the Scrivener on the knee.

'Her name was Jenny,' he shouted, 'Jenny Perceforest, christened Jane! Eh, by the Beacon of our Faith, I'll remind her of that i' the morn! Now,' he pondered, 'how did old Brazenguts get hold of such a good girl as that? And why did she traipse after him across all those shires in a pair of cloth breeches? Is it pure devotion to Thomas? Is it want of heart in the man? It is, by heaven! For why? He has cut and run. Oh, I'll have it out o' Jenny i' the morn.'

'You shall do what you please,' replied the Scrivener, tired of all this, 'but I shall go to bed.'

'Put me on to a dextrous way,' said Captain Smith earnestly; 'give me my sailing orders, and I steer dead into the heart of Jane.'

'She, as you call him, will deny you point blank, as I take it,' was the Scrivener's judgment.

'I'll wake her up with a parable,' said Captain Smith. 'I'll tell her a tale to-morrow will open her eyes.'

'You had much better leave that to me,' said the Scrivener. 'I know more tales of wonder and romance than you know creeks and bays of England.'

'Then keep your tales of wonder and romance as I keep the

creeks and bays of England,' said Captain Smith; 'and that is until I want 'em to run to. This is my venture.'

'It should also be your wife's venture, if she is the fond woman I think her,' the Scrivener observed, with one eye more open than the other.

'My wife,' replied Captain Smith, 'knows her duty, I believe; and if you come to that, where's the harm of old acquaintance? Why, I knew Jenny Perceforest before my wife knew the Christian Dispensation. My wife was a heathen Norse when I was playing hunt-the-slipper wi' Jane. And if a man that hath travelled the lumpy seas may not have a bit o' fun wi' a long-nosed girl he hath known in——'

The Scrivener had gone to bed.

VIII. HOW PERCIVAL GOT MORE THAN HE DESERVED, THE SHIPMAN LESS, AND CAPTAIN BRAZENHEAD HELD OCCASION BY THE TAIL.

AFTER the conversation of the preceding night, the Shipman became reproachful in his tone to Percival. He disregarded the young man's protests that he was not his own sister, that she was a mother of five at Moreton-in-Marsh and nearly twice his age. 'If so be, Jenny,' he said, 'that you are mother of five lawful imps, the greater the shame of your cropped head. To dance attendance upon an Italianate cut-throat, an ambusher, a blood-pudding man, with husband and babes crying at home—fie, Jenny, fie! But you and I, my girl, shall be friends yet. You have not seen the last of Dick Smith.' Percival despaired; but in point of fact his persecutor seemed to give himself the lie, for he left the Prioress' party at Charing and hastened on to Canterbury direct, leaving his wife behind him.

They reached Harbledown by early afternoon, and stayed there for a few hours, hard by the lazaret-house of Saint Nicholas. It was held improper to enter Canterbury unshriven: there was hard work before Dan Costard before any of them dared so much as look for the gold Michael on Bell Harry's top. The lepers came clattering out, the good brothers who served them took the horses, the Prioress with her company went into the Chapel, to touch the relic and prepare for confession. Percival's hour was come. Captain Brazenhead was murdering his uncle, and he was about to murder his own happiness. What a position for a boy in love!

But it seems that not he alone had a weighty conscience to discharge. Consider this :

i. The Prioress of Ambresbury confessed that Captain Brazenhead loved her after the precepts of Plato and the Venerable Bede, also that she loved Piers Thrustwood more as a son than the nephew he was plainly desirous of becoming.

ii. Master Smith's wife confessed that she had spied upon her husband on many late occasions, but especially on the previous night. She said that Piers Thrustwood was, in reality, one Jenny Perceforest, who had run away with Captain Brazenhead and been deserted by him ; and believed that her husband was intending to renew an old acquaintance with the young woman. She owned that she was not to be trusted if he did. As she spoke mostly in sobs and the Norwegian language, Dan Costard was occasionally at a loss.

iii. Mawdley Touchett confessed that she loved Piers Thrustwood, who was not what he seemed.

iv. Sister Petronilla confessed that Captain Brazenhead had made her a letter-bearer to Mawdley Touchett. She did not know what the letter contained except by hearsay. She had taken back an answer. When the Prioress told her to apply cold meat to Piers Thrustwood's eye, she gave over her office to Mawdley Touchett. She did not know what Mawdley Touchett applied, except that it was not cold meat.

v. Percival Perceforest admitted that this was his name, in love with Mawdley Touchett both before and after his beating, deceiver of the Prioress, no nephew of Captain Brazenhead, nephew (on the other hand) of my Lord Say——

'What !' cried Dan Costard, stopping him at this point, 'you are not Piers Thrustwood ?'

'No, father,' says Percival.

'Then,' says the priest, 'the Prioress does not love you as a son, rather than the nephew you are plainly desirous of becoming.'

'Alack, but I do desire it,' Percival owned.

'Never mind that now,' replied Dan Costard ; 'one thing at a time. The lady Prioress loves Piers Thrustwood as a son ; but if there is no such person she can have no such love.'

'Then she loves not me, father,' said Percival sorrowfully, 'for I have just told you I am not Piers Thrustwood at all.'

'But what do you say about Master Smith's wife,' the priest continued, 'and her ugly tale about Captain Brazenhead ?'

Percival felt this to be a comparatively easy matter. 'I say, my reverend, that my name is Perceforest, and own that I have a sister Jenny; but I deny that I am she.'

'You are sure?' asked Dan Costard. 'Very well, then. Smith's wife can be shriven. Now there is Mistress Mawdley, loving Piers Thrustwood, who is not what he seems. What have you to say?'

'Oh, sir, oh, sir,' Percival urged, with pleading looks, 'Mawdley loves me, and I love Mawdley. And for that reason I was beaten by Sir Simon, and came creeping back; and for that reason I told fibs, and for that reason I confess them. Further, I say, that if I cannot have her, I must die.'

'Well,' says Dan Costard, hand on chin, 'and why not? It will make everything simple, it seems to me.'

'But if I die, I cannot have Mawdley, good father.'

'Tush!' cried Father Costard, 'we are beating the air. Get your Lord Say to plead your cause.'

'Alas, dear father, I fear the worst for him,' says Percival mournfully.

'Then you can plead your own cause, my boy,' replied the priest briskly; 'for then you will be his lordship. But I must insist upon your making a clean breast of it to my lady; this you shall promise me before I shrive you.'

'Sir,' said Percival, 'it is in the making. I do but wait to ask Master Corbet, the Scrivener, to inscribe it fair upon a sheepskin.'

'Very good,' said Dan Costard, and shrived him. Percival spent the rest of his time dictating his lowly confession to the Scrivener, but what with the interruptions of his own remorseful tears and the emendations of that worthy man he had got no further than the words, 'The humble cry of the heart of P——,' when the summons to the road came from the unconscious intended recipient. Percival was called to do his squire's duty, and worse, he was bid to tell a tale. This he did, as all the world may know if it care, with direct application to his case, showing how misadventure may be piled on misadventure, and misconception on misconception in affairs of the heart, until (as in his tale) a young man named Galeotto may wed a young man named Eugenio, and Camilla (a young woman) a young woman, Estella, all for the sake of love. It is not by any means certain that this entirely met his own position, as he no doubt intended

that it should; what is beyond controversy is that it did point out the dangerous state of his relations with the Shipman, and very much affected the Shipman's true wife.

So much was this the case that when the tale was ended, which was after supper in the parlour of the Prior of Christchurch, Mistress Gundrith had a fit of coughing and weeping intermixed, and retired, as she said, to bed. But it is now known that she did not go thither. The intentions also of Percival were widely different from his performances. His resolution had been to charm the Prioress first by his romancing and to melt her afterwards by his tears. He charmed her, it is true, but his tears fell on stony ground. For they fell upon the bosom of Master Richard Smith, who, having thrown a handkerchief over his head, had picked him up in the quadrangle (where the lad had gone to compose his mind), pelted with him in the dark down Mercery Lane, and now held him in the cellar of a little beer-house, comforting him with flagons and protesting against all his rage that they should be married in the morn and sail with the first tide. It was then, and not till then, that Percival found out what he owed to the great Captain Brazenhead. For he—but I anticipate.

At five o'clock in the morning there came a flying messenger into Canterbury bearing letters for the Prioress of Ambresbury's grace. These were from her brother Sir Simon Touchett and thus conceived:

Loving Sister,—After my hearty commendations, these let you wite that you must by all means do honour to one Master Perceforest who I believe is with you. At the least I traced him as far as Winton, which I know he left in your company. Fail me not herein as you tender my welfare. And the Blessed Trinity preserve you in His keeping, and give you all your desires. From your brother, Si. Touchett, Kt. Postscriptum. I pray you, Sister, be temperate with my daughter, Mawdley. And if the said Mr. Perceforest will take her with a fair manor of forty pound for dowry, let it be so o' God's name. I fear I have no more to bestow, for times are hard, and the crops very light this year, owing to the dry weather. I pray God amend it. If the said Mr. Perceforest shows signs of grudge against me for misadventure—and for what I must call shameful mis-handling—in the past, tell him, I pray you, that I will meet him hereafter on my old knees. Item, I will give two manors of eighty pound clear with my daughter Mawdley. I beseech God to grant you a fair reward for your pilgrimage. Your man Costard will marry my daughter to the said Mr. Perceforest. Item, item, I will give a fair thirty-pound land with the said two manors.

S. T. Kt.

A letter for the 'right worshipful and his loving friend Mr. Percival Perceforest' was enclosed; and the Prioress, after reading this also, sent for Piers Thrustwood. At this moment Mawdley's

soft cheek was against her own, and Mawdleyn's soft heart discerned to be beating in fine disorder. 'Dear Madam, dear aunt,' said this melting beauty, 'I beseech you be a good aunt to poor Mawdleyn. All he did was for love.'

'I think so indeed, child,' said the Prioress; 'and no offence either, it seems. But I ask in vain, why was the poor young man whipped for what he is now to be coaxed back to with forty-pound lands?'

'He will need no coaxing, dear Madam,' Mawdleyn assured her. But it appeared that he would need much coaxing. He could not be found. He was not in his bed, had not been in bed, had not been seen since bed-time. Neither had the Shipman's wife been to bed. 'Is it possible,' thought the Prioress, 'is it humanly possible that my brother knows more than I do? Is it humanly possible that Piers, or Percival, is running after Smith's wife?'

Far from that, Smith's wife was at this moment running after Percival. Percival Perceforest in his shirt, breeches, and one of his stockings was flying for his life through the streets of Canterbury. Close at his heels came Smith's wife, behind her a delighted pack of citizens, crying, 'Hold, thief, hold! Take the rogue alive! Rope, rope, rope!' and other like words. How long the chase had held, I say not; I know that it could have held little longer. Percival's breath was gone, his eyes were dim, his feet cut, his shirt and breeches barely acquainted. Bricks, mud, sticks, stones whizzed by his ears; 'Peg him down! Peg him down!' were ominous sounds of preparation. Percival set his back against a wall and prepared to die hard. On came the mob; another minute had been his last. As if rushing upon what he could not avoid, Percival gave a sudden glad cry and sprang out towards his enemies. But as he did so, these parted from behind—whether by express command or intuitive sense, can never be truly known. Percival ran through his late pursuers and fell panting into the arms of a Cardinal who, properly attended by his foot page, was advancing down the street. The amazed inhabitants saw this Prince of the Church enfold and kiss a young man who was believed to have murdered a sailor in Mercery Lane. It need not be said that His Eminence, who was inordinately hairy, and fierce in the eye, was Captain Brazenhead in disguise.

His first care was to get rid of the ragtails who threatened the peace. 'Avoid, good people,' was his sublime assurance; 'he

whom you seek is not here. He is elsewhere.' His air, his hair, his hat, his cassock and tippet of flame-red, did their work. The men of Canterbury doffed their bonnets to His Eminence and suffered him to lead away their murderer whither he would. Mistress Smith raised shrill cries, but to no purpose. When she denounced Percival, they referred her to the Cardinal. When she scoffed at His Eminence, they referred her to the devil, and so left her. His Eminence led his young friend into the great church, and producing a bundle from under his arm, said with great apparatus of whispering and tapping of the nose, 'Take this token, Percival, of my travail for you.' Percival unfolded the head of my Lord Say: deeply shocked, he gazed at it.

'Let me not raise false hopes in you, dear Percival,' said Captain Brazenhead. 'Your late august kinsman was not beheaded, as this gift would seem to imply, and as his rank surely warrants. In fact, the ground of my quarrel with Captain Cade (Mortimer, as he foolishly calls himself) was this, should my Lord Say be hanged or sworded? I named the sword, but Jack would have the rope. I exposed the infamy of this: Jack strung him up. We quarrelled irrevocably. Jack led his men towards London and certain ruin. May Jack go in peace! I believe he is a fool, and know him to be without the feelings of a gentleman. A ridiculous, yet fortunate, adventure brings me to your rescue. You remember the Prioress's knave whom I laid in a drain on your account? This boy (and I speak to his credit), filled with revengeful feelings, followed me all the way, and at Kemsing denounced me to a justice as his ravisher and the thief of his clothes. Unworthy, you say? Far from that, it is for that reason I have advanced him. I was forced to disguise myself as you see. But what a plight I find you in! Where is your jacket? Where are your shoes? Where are your points? What have you been about? No scandal, I hope?'

'Scandal!' cried Percival, growing very red, 'I say it was scandalous; but I served him well for it.'

'Meaning whom?' asked the Captain; and Percival told him, 'The Shipman Smith, who would have it that I was my sister Jane, and carried me off with a towel over my head.'

'The man is a silly fool, as I always knew,' said Captain Brazenhead; 'but it must have been simple to satisfy him.'

'Simple or not,' says Percival, 'I did it. For I cut his face open with a doorstep.'

'You did very well, bawcock, failing a foot and a half of Toledo,' cried the Captain. 'By my faith, I know not how a gentleman of your birth and parts could have done better. But we have more solemn business on hand. You and I will go and declare ourselves to the Lady Prioress. I fancy your affair—if you are still in the mind for it—will go better henceforward.'

Percival grew suddenly grave. 'Alas, dear sir,' he said, 'but I was carried off from my mistress before I could confess to her the wicked truth.'

'You will find the truth not half so wicked as you suppose, my lord,' said the Captain. 'Come, I will conduct your lordship.'

'But, sir, consider the danger to yourself,' Percival faltered—but, even so, sensibly changing aspect as the new address warmed him.

'Myself, ha?' the Captain snorted. 'I am sufficiently protected by my disguise, I hope. I warrant you there will be no trouble on that score. Moreover, that boy who denounced me so took my fancy for the fact that I have engaged him as my foot page. Have no fear for me, but come, my dear lord, come.'

The magnificent Captain Brazenhead, every inch a prelate and a prince, took the arm of Percival, who was far from looking what he actually was; and caused the hall porter of the Priory to announce the Lord Cardinal of Magnopolis and my Lord Say, to wait upon the Prioress of Ambresbury. I should fail to find words proper to express the surprise of the venerable lady. But Captain Brazenhead by no means failed. He was at once the courtier, the Churchman, and the deferential lover (in Plato's vein). The moment he was face to face with the lady, he advanced towards her, took and kissed her hand. His page in attendance held his tasselled hat—crimson on a black silk cushion.

'At last, dear lady,' he said with a happy sigh, 'at last my tiresome disguises are over; I can greet your ladyship without fatigue and without embarrassment.'

'Oh, my lord! Oh, sir——!' the Prioress began—but he put up a deprecating hand.

'Titles of ceremony between us!' he said with gentle amazement. 'Lady, you and I know too much evil of the world to affect the world's cozening caresses. We, if you take my meaning, have suffered, and laboured, ah, and loved, too long on earth to feel any solace out of things like these. But—' he went on, waving the shamefaced Percival into the discussion—'but with

the young it is otherwise. An eyass falcon, dear Madam, may take pride in her opening plumage, I suppose. Here, Madam, is this noble youth, whom you knew as Piers Thrustwood, and I as my dearest nephew, Mr. Percival Perceforest, now (by the unhappy death of his kinsman) my lord Baron of Say; here, Madam, is he for whose advantage I adventured as a Captain of men's bodies, where men's souls, perchance, are more under my care. His dear kinsman is unhappily slain by rebels; and he (barely escaping with his own young golden life) stands before you—ashamed of the deceit forced upon him, glorying in the stripes wherewith your brother anointed his princely back, and burning (if I may speak of such matters) for the tardy bliss he has dared such hardships to win. My dear lord and nephew—he turned to Percival—'Salute my friend the Prioress of Ambresbury.' The young Lord Say knelt down before her.

'Oh, Madam, believe me—' he began to stammer; but the Prioress raised him and gave him a kiss.

'My sweet lord, my dear Percival,' she said, 'you shall believe that we love you very much. Come. My charge awaits you.'

She took him by the hand and led him into her chamber, where Mawdley Touchett was picking her hem to pieces.

'Master,' said the Cardinal's page, 'if my mistress casts an eye on me she'll have me horsed for bathing at Winton.'

The Captain looked him over. 'My lad,' said he, 'the Prioress is my very good friend. Moreover, you must have a rind like a porpoise to stand the May frosts on your naked skin. I shall make something of you yet. Go, boy, purvey me beer from the Rainbow. I do furiously thirst.'

It is proper to add that the Prioress, Dan Costard, Percival Lord Say, and Mistress Mawdley Touchett paid their homage at the Shrine of St. Thomas; and that Captain Brazenhead was appointed Steward of the Manors of Westerham, Knockholt, and Froghole, with a reversion of the Office of High Bailiff of the Lordship of Sevenoaks.

History knows no more of Master Richard Smith, Mariner of Kingston-upon-Hull, nor of Gundrith his wife, native of Norway.

COLONIAL MEMORIES :

OLD NEW ZEALAND. I.

BY LADY BROOME.

It has so chanced that quite lately I have heard a good deal of this beautiful and flourishing portion of our 'Britain-over-sea,' and these reports have stirred the old memories of days gone by when it was almost a *terra incognita*—as indeed were most of our splendid Colonial possessions—to the home-dweller. But the home-dweller proper hardly exists in this twentieth century, and the globe-trotter has taken his place. Even the latter sobriquet was unknown in my day, and I was regarded as quite going into exile when, some eight-and-thirty years ago, I sailed with my husband for his sheep-station on the Canterbury Plains. As far as I was concerned, the life there afforded the sharpest of all sharp contrasts, but it was none the less happy and delightful for that.

The direct line of passenger-ships only took us as far as Melbourne, and then came a dismal ten or twelve days in a wretched little steamer along a stormy coast before the flourishing Port Lyttelton of the present day (a shabby village in 1865) was reached. Yet the great tunnel through the Port Hills was well on its way even then, and the railway to connect the port and the young town of Christchurch was confidently talked of. Even in those early days, the new-comer was struck by the familiar air of everything; and, as far as my own experience goes, New Zealand is certainly the most English colony I have seen. It never seems to have attracted the heterogeneous races of which the population of other colonies is so largely composed. For example, in Mauritius the Chinese and Arab element is as numerous almost as the French and English. In Trinidad there are large colonies of Spanish and German settlers, without counting in both these islands the enormous Indian population which we have brought there to cultivate the sugar-cane; and in all the principal towns of Australia the 'foreigner' thrives and flourishes. But New Zealand has always been beautifully and distinctly English, and the grand Imperial idea has there fallen on congenial soil and taken deep root.

Even in the days I speak of, Christchurch, though an infant

town, looked pretty on account of its picturesque situation on the banks of the Avon. The surrounding country was a sort of rolling prairie, ideally suitable for sheep, with the magnificent Southern Alps for a background. And what a climate, and what a sky, and what an air ! The only fault I had to find with the atmospheric conditions was the hot wind. But hot winds were new to me in those days, and I rebelled against them accordingly. Now I begin to think hot winds blow everywhere out of England. In South Africa, in Mauritius, in all parts of Australia, one suffers from them, to say nothing of India, where they are on the largest possible scale.

The first six months of my New Zealand life was spent in Christchurch, waiting for the little wooden house to be cut out and sent up country to our sheep-station in the Malvern Hills. How absurdly primitive it all was, and yet how one delighted in it ! I well remember the 'happy thought'—when the question arose of the size of drawing and dining rooms—of spreading our carpets out on the grass and planning the house round them. And the joy of settling in, when the various portions of the little dwelling had been conveyed some seventy-five miles inland to our happy valley and fitted together. The doors and window-frames had all come from America ready-made, but the rest of the house was cut out of the kauri pine from the forests in the North Island.

The first thing I had to learn was that New Zealand meant really *three* islands—two big ones and a little one. Everybody knows about the North and the Middle Islands, which are the big ones, but the little Stewart Island often confused me by sometimes being called the South Island, which it really is. A number of groups of small islets have been added to the colony since then, such as the Cook and Kermadec Islands, but I do not fancy they are inhabited. The colony was really not a quarter of a century old when I knew it, as it had been a dependency of New South Wales up to 1842, and it owes its separation and rapid development to the New Zealand Company, which started with a Royal charter. The Canterbury Association sent out four ships which took four months to reach Port Cooper in the Middle Island (now the flourishing seaport of Lyttelton), only sixteen years before I landed there.

The cathedral had not risen above its foundations in 1865, but I was struck with the well-paved streets, good 'side-walks,' gas-lamps, drinking-fountains, and even red pillar-boxes exactly like

the one round the corner to-day. And it seemed all the more marvellous to me, who had just gone through the lengthy and costly experience of dragging my own little possessions across those stormy seas round the Cape of Good Hope, to think of all these 'aids to civilisation' having come by the same route. Now I am assured you can get anything and everything you might possibly want, on the spot, but in those days one eagerly watched a *déménagement* as a good opportunity for furnishing.

We had brought all our things out with us, and the wooden house was soon turned into a very pretty comfortable little home-stead. The great trouble was getting the garden started. The soil was magnificent, and everything in that Malvern Valley grew splendidly if the north-west winds would only allow it. Hedges of cytissus were always planted a month or so before sowing the dwarf green peas, in order that they might have some shelter, and this answered very well. I could not, however, start a hedge of cytissus all round my little lawn, and the consequence was that I could easily count the blades of grass on that spot, and that I discovered a luxuriant patch of 'English grass' about a mile down the flat, where a little dip in the ground had made a shelter for the flying seed. And the melancholy part of the story was that English grass-seed cost a guinea a pound! I was quite able to appreciate, three years later, the ecstasy of delight of a little New Zealand girl, who, beholding the Isle of Wight for the first time, exclaimed to me: 'How rich they must be! Why, it's all laid down in English grass!'

Other flower-seeds, of course, shared the same fate, and it was indeed gardening under difficulties. But in the vegetable-garden consolation could be found in the potatoes, strawberries, and green peas, which were huge in size and abundant in quantity.

Indoors all soon looked bright and cheery; and besides the books we brought out, I started a magazine and book club in connection with a London library, which answered very well, and gave great delight to the neighbours, chiefly shepherds. These men were often of Scotch or north of England birth, and of a very good type. Their lives, however, were necessarily monotonous and lonely, and they were very glad of books. We had a short Church service every Sunday afternoon, to which they gladly came, and then they took new books back with them.

The only grudge I ever had against these men was that they all tried to provide themselves with wives among my maids, and

by so doing greatly added to my difficulties with these damsels. Far from accepting Strephon's honourable proposals, Chloe would make these offers—which apparently bored her—an excuse for giving up her place and returning to the gay metropolis. Not even the incident of one stalwart suitor putting his rival in the water-butt could soften the fair one's heart.

I honestly think those maids (I only had two of them) were the chief, if not the only, real worry of my happy New Zealand life. Nothing would ever induce them to remain more than four months at the station. In spite of the suitors, they found it 'lonely,' and away they went. Changing was such a troublesome business and always meant a week without any servants at all, for the dray—their sole means of conveyance—took two days on the road each way, and then there were always stores to buy and bring back, and the driver declared his horses needed a couple of days' rest in town. Some of the various reasons the maids gave for leaving were truly absurd. Once I came into the kitchen on a bright winter's morning to find them seated on a sort of sofa (made of chintz-covered boxes), clasped in each other's arms, and weeping bitterly. With difficulty I got out of them that their sole grievance was the sound of the bleating of the sheep, a 'mob' of which were feeding on the nearest hillside. It was 'lonesome like,' and they must return to town immediately.

These girls, as well as their predecessors and successors, were a continual mystery to me, and I never could understand why they became servants at all. Not one of them ever had the faintest idea of what duties she had to perform or how to perform them. A cook had never, apparently, been in a kitchen before, and she would ask—and get—36*l.* or even 40*l.* a year for her ignorance. The housemaid had never seen, or at least handled, a broom or a duster. I was very ignorant myself in those days, and yet found myself obliged to teach the most elementary duties. They were nearly all factory-girls; and when I asked 'Who did these things for you at home?' always answered 'Mother.' They had never held a needle until I taught them how to do so; and as for mending or darning, that was regarded as sheer waste of time. The first thing they had to learn was to bake bread, and as, unfortunately, the best teacher was our head shepherd—a good-looking, well-to-do young man—the 'courting' began very soon, though it never seemed successful, and poor Ridge's heart must

have been torn to pieces during those three years of obdurate pupils.

I must, however, say here that, ignorant to an incredible degree as my various 'helps' were, I found them perfectly honest and perfectly respectable. I never had the slightest fault to find on either of these counts. Sobriety went without saying, for it was compulsory, as the nearest public-house was a dozen miles away across trackless hills.

It was a real tragic time, for me at least, that constantly recurring week between the departure and arrival of my maids; but I am inclined to think, on mature reflection, that my worst troubles arose from the volunteers who insisted on helping me. These kindly A.D.C.'s, owners or pupils on neighbouring stations, all professed to be quite familiar with domestic matters. But I found a sad falling-off when it came to putting their theories into practice in my kitchen. It generally turned out that they had made a hasty study of various paragraphs in that useful work 'Enquire Within &c.' and then started forth to carry out the directions they had mastered. For instance, one stalwart youth presented a smiling face at our hall-door one morning and said :

'I've come to wash up.'

'That is very kind of you,' I replied; 'but are you sure you know how?'

'Oh yes—just try me, and you'll see. Very hot water, you know: boiling, in fact.'

Well, there was no difficulty about the hot water, which was poured into a tub in which a good many of my pretty china plates and dishes were standing. The next moment I heard a yell and a crash—and I am very much afraid 'a big, big D'—and my 'help' was jumping about the kitchen wringing his hands and shouting for cotton-wool and salad-oil and what not. It seemed a mere detail after this calamity to discover that half a dozen plates were broken and as many more cracked. 'The beastly thing was so hot' being the excuse.

The first time the maids left I thought I would, so to speak, victual the garrison beforehand, and I had quantities of bread baked and butter churned and meat-pies made and joints roasted; but at the end of a couple of days the larder was nearly empty, partly on account of the gigantic appetites we all had, and partly because of the addition to our home party of all these volunteers who always seized the excuse of 'helping.' As a matter of fact,

my 'helps' generally betook themselves to a rifle-range F. had set up down the valley, or else they all organised athletic sports. I should not have minded their doing so, if it had not, apparently, increased their appetites.

Never can I forget an awful experience I went through with one of my earliest attempts at bread-making. I felt it was a serious matter, and not to be lightly taken in hand, so I turned my helps, one and all, out of the kitchen, and proceeded to carry out the directions as written down. First the dough was to be 'set.' That was an anxious business. The prescribed quantity of flour had to be put in a milk-pan, the orthodox hole in the centre of the white heap was duly made, and then came the critical moment of adding the yeast. There was only one bottle of this precious ingredient left, and it was evidently very much 'up,' as yeast ought to be. Under these circumstances, to take out the cork of that bottle was exactly like firing a pistol, and I do not like firing pistols. So I was obliged to call for an assistant. All rushed in gleefully, declaring that opening yeast-bottles was their show accomplishment, but F. was the first to seize it. He gave it a great shake. Out flew the cork right up to the rafters, and after it flew *all* my beautiful yeast, leaving only dregs of hops and potatoes, which F., turning the bottle upside down, emptied into the flour. Of course it was all spoiled, though I tried hard to produce something of the nature of bread out of it. But it was horribly heavy and damp.

One thing my New Zealand experiences taught me, and that was the skill and patience and variety of knowledge required to produce the simple things of our daily life—things which we accept as much as a matter of course as the air we breathe. But if you have to attempt them yourself, you end by having a great respect for those who do them apparently without effort.

I have often been asked how we amused ourselves in that lonely valley. There was not very much time for amusement, for we were all very busy. There was mustering and drafting to be done, besides the annual business of shearing, which was a tremendous affair. It is true I developed quite a talent for grafting pleasure upon business; and when a long 'boundary' ride had to be taken, or a new length of fencing inspected (in those days wire fences could not be put up even at that comparatively short distance from a town under 100*l.* a mile), I contrived to make it a sort of picnic, and enjoyed it thoroughly. The one drawback

to my happiness was the dreadful track—it were gross flattery to call it a road—over which our way generally led us. No English horse would have attempted the break-neck places our nags took us safely over. Up and down slippery steep stairs, where all four feet had to be collected carefully on each step, before an attempt to reach the next could be made; across swamps where there was no foothold except on an occasional tussock; over creeks with crumbling banks. At first I really could not believe that I was expected to follow over such places, but I was only adjured to ‘sit tight and leave it all to my horse,’ and certainly I survived to tell the tale! The only fall I had during all those three years of real rough-riding was cantering over a perfectly smooth plain, when a little bag strapped to my saddle slipped down and struck my very spirited mare beneath her body. She bucked frantically, and I flew into space, alighting on the point of my shoulder, which I broke. On that occasion I was the victim of a good deal of amateur surgery, but it all came right eventually, though I could not use my arm for a long time.

But to return to our amusements. Boar-hunting was perhaps the most exciting; though I was not allowed to call that an amusement, for it was absolutely necessary to keep down the wild pigs, which we owe to Captain Cook. A sow will follow very young lambs until they drop, separating them from their mothers and giving them no rest. When the poor little things fall exhausted the sow then devours them, but it is almost impossible to track and shoot these same sows, for they hide themselves and their litters in the most marvellous way. The shepherds occasionally come across them, and then have a great orgy of ‘sucking-pig.’ But the big boar whose shoulder-scales are like plated armour and quite bullet-proof, and whose tusks are as sharp as razors, gives really very good sport, and has to be warily stalked. These expeditions had always to be undertaken on foot, and I insisted on going because I had heard gruesome stories of accidents to sportsmen, who had perished of cold and hunger on desolate hillsides when out after boars. So I always begged to be taken out stalking, and as I carried a basket with sandwiches and cake and a bottle of cold tea, my company was graciously accepted.

These expeditions were always in the winter, for the affairs of the sheep seemed to occupy most of the summer, and besides it would have been too hot for climbing steep hillsides and explor-

ing long winding gullies in anything but cold May and June weather. The boars gave excellent sport, and I well remember, after a long day's stalk up the gorge of the Selwyn River, our pride and triumph when F., who had taken a careful aim at what looked exactly like one of the grey boulders strewn about on the opposite hillside, fired his rifle, and a huge boar leapt into the air, only to fall dead and come crashing down the steep slope.

Then there were some glorious days after wild cattle, but that was a long way off in the great Kowai Bush, and we had to camp out for nearly a week. It was difficult work getting through the forest, as, although there was a sort of track, it was often impassable by reason of fallen trees. Of course we were on foot; but it greatly adds to one's work to have constantly to climb or scramble over a barrier of branches. All the gentlemen carried compasses as the only means of steering through the curious green gloom. Though it was the height of summer, we never saw a ray of sunshine, and it was always delightfully cool. Every now and then we came to a clearing, and so could see where we were. One of these openings showed us the great Waimakariri River swirling beneath its high wooded banks, and it was, just there, literally covered with wild duck—grey, blue, and 'Paradise'—all excellent eating, but I am thankful to say that the sportsmen forbore to shoot, as it would have been impossible to retrieve the birds. Some fine young bullocks fell every day to their rifles; but although I heard the shots and the ensuing shouts of joy, the thickness of the 'bush' always prevented (happily!) my seeing the victims.

The undergrowth of that 'bush'—*Anglicè*, forest—was the most beautiful thing imaginable, and the familiar stag's-head and hart's-tongue grew side by side with exquisite forms quite unknown to me. Besides the profusion of ferns, there was a wealth of delicate fairy-like foliage, but never a flower to be seen on account of the want of sun.

In summer we sometimes went down to the nearest creek, about a mile away, for eel-fishing, but I did not care much for that form of sport. It meant sitting in star-light and solitude for many hours, and one got drenched with dew into the bargain. The preparations were the most amusing part, especially the making of balls of worsted-ends with lumps of mutton tied craftily in the middle; the idea being that when the eel snapped at the meat his teeth ought to stick in the worsted, and so he would become an easy prey to the angler. This came off accord-

ing to the programme, and even I caught some ; but they were far too heavy to lift out of the water, as there was no 'playing' an eel, and the dead weight had to be raised by the flax-stick which was my only fishing-rod. However, quite enough of the horrid slimy things were secured to make succulent pies for those who liked them.

We once invented an amusement for ourselves by going up a mountain on our station three thousand feet high, and sleeping there in order to see the sunrise next morning. I ought, perhaps, to explain that these Malvern Hills among which our sheep-station lay were really the lowest spurs of the great Southern Alps, so that even on our run the hills attained quite a respectable height. I had heard from those who had gone up this hill—quite near our little house—how wide and beautiful was the outlook from its summit, so I never rested until the expedition was arranged. Of course, it was only possible in the height of summer, and we chose an ideally beautiful afternoon for our start directly after an early dinner. It was possible to ride a good way up the hill, and then we dismounted (there were five of us), and took the saddles and bridles off the horses, tied them to flax-bushes within easy reach of good feed, and commenced the climb of the last and steepest bit of the ascent.

It was rather amusing to find, as soon as it came to carrying them up ourselves, how many things were suddenly pronounced to be quite unnecessary. Food and drink had to be carried (the drink consisting of water for tea) and a pair of red blankets for shelter, and just one little odd blanket for me. My share of the portage was only a bottle of milk strapped to my back—for it took both hands to scramble up, holding on to the long tussocks of grass—but I felt that I was laden to the extent of my carrying capacity ! The four gentlemen had really heavy loads ('swags,' as they called all parcels or bundles), under which, however, they gallantly struggled up. There was no time to admire any view when at last we stood breathless and panting on the little plateau at the very top, for the twilight was fast fading, and there was the tent to be put up and wood to collect for the fire.

Fortunately, all those hillsides were more or less strewn with charred logs of a splendid hard red wood, called 'totara,' the last traces of the forest or 'bush' with which they were once covered. The shepherds always pick up and bring down any of these logs which they come across when mustering or boundary-

keeping, for they find them a great prize for their fires, burning slowly, and giving out a fine heat.

When we came to pitch the tent, there seemed such a draught through it that I gave up my own particular blanket to block up one end, and contented myself with a little jacket. But oh, how cold it was ! We did not find it out just at first, for we were all too busy settling ourselves, lighting the fire, unpacking, and so forth. But after we had eaten the pies and provisions, and drunk a quantity of tea, there did not seem much to do except to turn in so as to be ready for the sunrise. Some tussocks of coarse grass had been cut to make a sort of bed for me, after the fashion of the wild pigs, who, the shepherds declare, 'have clean sheets every night'—for they never use their lair more than once, and always sleep on this bitten-off grass. In spite of this luxury, however, I must say I found the ground *very* hard, and the wind, against which the blankets seemed absolutely no protection, *very* cold. Also the length of that night was something marvellous; and when we looked down into the valley and saw the lights twinkling in our own little homestead, and reflected that it could not be yet ten o'clock, a sense of foolishness took possession of us. Everyone looked, as seen by the firelight, cold and miserable, but happily no one was cross or reproachful. Three of the gentlemen sat round the fire smoking all night, with occasional very weak 'grogs' to cheer them. F. shared the tent with me and Nettle, my little fox-terrier; but Nettle showed himself a selfish doggie that night. I wanted him to sleep curled up at my back for warmth, but he would insist on so arranging himself that I was at *his* back, which was not the same thing for me at all.

We certainly verified the proverb of its being darkest before dawn, for the stars seemed to fade quite out, and an inky blackness stole over earth and sky an hour or so before a pale streak grew luminous in the east. I fear I must confess to having by that time quite forgotten my ardent desire to see the sunrise. All I thought of was the joy of getting home, and being warm once more; and, as soon as it was light enough to see anything, we began to strike the little tent and pack up the empty dishes and pannikins. But long before we could have thought it possible, and long before it could be seen from the deep valley below us, the sun uprose, and one felt as if one was looking at the majestic sight for the first time since the Creation. Nothing could have been more magnificent than the sudden flood of light

bursting over the wide expanse. Fifty miles away, the glistening waves of the Pacific showed quite clearly; below us spread the vast Canterbury Plains, with the great Waimakariri River flowing through them like a tangle of silver ribbons. To the west rose steep, forest-covered hills, still dark and gloomy, with the eerie-looking outline of the snow-ranges rising behind. A light mist marked where the great Ellesmere Lake lay, the strange thing about which is that, although only a slight bar of sand separates it from the sea, its waters are quite fresh. All we could see of the River Rakaia were its steep banks, but beyond them again shone the gleam of the Rangitata's waters, whilst close under our feet the Selwyn ran darkly through its narrow gorge. The little green patches of cultivation—so few and far between in those days—each with its tiny cottage, gave a little homelike touch which was delightful, as did also the strings of sheep going noisily down from their high camping-grounds to feed in the sheltered valleys or on the sunny slopes. It was certainly a most beautiful panorama, and we all agreed that it was well worth our long, cold night of waiting. Still, we got home as quickly as we could, and I remember the day proved a very quiet one. I suspect there were many surreptitious naps indulged in by us poor 'Watchers of the Night.'

WHISTLER THE PURIST.

BY MORTIMER MENPES.

WHISTLER of all men was essentially a purist—a purist in every sense of the word, both as man and worker. As a man he was sadly misunderstood by the masses. Whistler's nature was ever a combative one, and his long and brilliant career was a continuous fight throughout. He revealed himself only to the few, and even that small inner circle, of whom I was one of the most devoted, saw the real man but seldom. But on those rare occasions Whistler could be gentle, sweet, sympathetic, almost feminine, so lovable was he. And he was, as I said, essentially a purist. No one has ever heard Whistler tell a story which was not absolutely refined; such a thing would be impossible, for he never had a vulgar thought. And everything he did was done as a purist. For instance, even in so small and apparently unimportant a detail as the dressing of his hair Whistler was most particular. Many people thought him vain, but that idea is quite a false one; Whistler treated his hair, as he could not but treat everything about him, purely from the artistic standpoint, as a picture, a bit of decoration. Many a time have I been with him to his hair-dresser's in Regent Street, and very serious and important was the dressing of the master's head. Customers ceased to be interested in their own heads, operators stopped their manipulations—every one turned to watch Whistler having his hair dressed. I myself was quite indifferent which way my hair might be shorn, so amused and interested was I in watching the master. But he himself was supremely unconscious, the bystanders troubled him not at all. And the process was roughly this. The hair was trimmed, but left rather long, Whistler meanwhile directing the cutting of every lock as he watched the attendant in the glass. And the poor fellow, only too conscious of the delicacy of his task, shook and trembled as he manipulated his scissors. And well he might, for was not this common barber privileged to be thus an instrument in the carrying out of a masterpiece—a picture by the master? The clipping once completed, Whistler would wave the operator imperiously on one side, and we watched for awhile the back view of this dapper little figure surveying himself in the

glass, stepping now backwards, now forwards. Suddenly, to the intense surprise of the bystanders, he would dive his head into a basin of water and half dry his hair, shaking it into matted wet curls. Then with a comb he would carefully pick out the white lock, a tuft of white hair just above his forehead, wrap it in a towel, and walk about the room for from five to ten minutes pinching it dry, with the rest of his hair hanging over his eyes. This stage of the process caused great amusement at the hairdresser's. Still pinching the towel Whistler would then beat the rest of his hair into ringlets (to have combed it would not have given the right quality), until it fell in decorative waves all over his head. A loud scream would then rend the air—Whistler wanted a comb! This procured, he would comb the white lock into a feathery plume, and with a few broad movements of his hand form the whole into a picture. Then he would look beamingly at himself in the glass and say two words—'Menpes, amazing'—and sail triumphantly out of the shop. Once he got into a four-wheeler, put his head out, the hat just touched the window and disarranged his hair. Whistler stopped the cab, got out, re-entered hairdresser's, and the whole thing *da capo*.

Then again in his mode of dress he was consistent to his artistic conceptions. His was not an attempt at eccentricity, for many a time I have been with Whistler to his tailor's and watched the master being measured and tried on; and although his directions to the fitter were very particular and extraordinary, yet it was always the artist who talked, and not the vain man of fashion. Whistler wanted to produce certain lines in his frock coat, and he insisted upon having the skirt cut very long, while there were to be capes over the shoulders which must needs form graceful curves in sympathy with the long flowing lines of the skirt. The idea of wearing white duck trousers with a black coat was not conceived in order to be unlike other people, but because they formed a harmony in black and white which he loved. His straight brimmed-hat, his cane, the way he held his cane, each and every detail was studied, but only as the means of forming a decorative whole. Whistler copied other people's peculiarities of dress occasionally—boots, collars, hats, &c.—but, once worn by him, thenceforward they were always exclusively his, and any one who wore the same articles he declared to have stolen them from the master.

One of the most interesting periods of my friendship with

Whistler was at a time when he was handling his exhibitions. I had the infinite privilege of being of some small assistance to the master during three separate exhibitions. And in the arrangement of his works Whistler showed himself more than ever to be a purist. I remember one exhibition called 'flesh colour and grey.' It was a revelation to me. I had never imagined that one human being could be so complete in minute details as Whistler. He missed nothing, absolutely nothing, and he dominated to an extraordinary extent. He decided that the decorations for this exhibition should be flesh colour and grey, and insisted upon the colour scheme overflowing into Bond Street and oozing out *via* the 'chucker out,' whose uniform was to be grey with flesh-coloured facings. This man, after a month of standing outside Whistler's show, was touched with the master's enthusiasm, and eventually became one of his most earnest students, and was to be heard expounding Whistler's theories to his open-mouthed fellow cronies around the corner. I overheard him one day asking a superior if he should clean the 'toney' from the windows, dirt being an unknown word in Whistler's vocabulary, and one which was always translated into 'tone.'

The poor fellow, after the exhibition was over, was completely demoralised; he then felt that he was quite unfitted for his career as 'chucker out,' and drifted off into a totally new scheme of life, never to return to his old haunts. I remember well, when all the pictures had been hung to Whistler's satisfaction, the little dinners he used to give us at the Arts Club. We would all meet together there and proceed to price the pictures, and the result of our pricing was amusing. Whistler always gave what I called 'exhibition wine'; it was not genuine champagne, but it sparkled—in short, it was a sort of gooseberry scheme. The master never partook largely of it himself, but the pupils did, and it affected us in a curious way, inasmuch as the prices mounted higher and higher with every additional glass. Whistler would say, 'How much for the shop with the blue band? Shall we say forty-five guineas?' We sipped the gooseberry wine, and a murmur of dissent was heard while one of our members would say, 'No, no, let it be fifty.' Another, becoming excited, would suggest fifty-five, and the master, leaning back with his pencil poised in readiness above the sheet, would say, 'Well, gentlemen, shall we put it down at sixty?' And so we would continue throughout the evening until the pictures were priced at what were then fabulous prices.

Under the influence of gooseberry wine we had really become prophetic; we were placing Whistler where he should be placed—on a lofty plane. These prices seemed extraordinary to outsiders, and even we ourselves had our misgivings the next day when the catalogue was printed, and the east wind was blowing and gooseberry wine was no more. And the sales unfortunately confirmed our fears. I remember that evening well. It was Press day, and we all met together at the gallery and discussed the prices by the cold unsympathetic daylight, and the result was that when Whistler appeared we were all a little sheepish and depressed. But the master entered, looking brilliant and sparkling, with spirits like champagne, and with a few words he soon picked us up again. For of course he knew the value of his work, and he soon impressed us with his own views, dealers and all. He hypnotised the dealers, as he did every one else, and they worked for him loyally. They showed the right spirit; it mattered not to them whether they sold the master's pictures or not; they felt that it was sufficient privilege merely to exhibit them.

Whistler came in literally bubbling over with joy. 'Now,' he said, 'I can't have this. You must smile. Be merry, laugh all of you.' And it was pathetic to see the dealers and the pupils mechanically working up smiles to please the master, many of them producing no more than a sad sort of 'grin.' The master swept one rapid glance round the gallery. 'There is only one thing missing, gentlemen,' he said, 'to complete the picture which this gallery should create—and that is the butterfly, a large painted butterfly on the wall.' And there and then a ladder was brought, for Whistler wanted the butterfly to be almost upon the ceiling. It was a most anxious moment for all concerned—the master trusting himself on a ladder, we below were breathless. The ladder jolted, and Whistler bobbed as he aimed at the wall with his long brush, but each bob caused a stroke in the right position, and the butterfly, in shorter time than it takes for me to tell it, was completed, caught as it were on the wing; it was obvious to us that the Whistler butterfly had pulled the exhibition together. The first press man to enter was a very small, insignificant little personage, and he had the effrontery to address Whistler, not knowing that he was the master. 'Where are the pictures?' he asked, evidently imagining himself to be in the entrance to the gallery. Whistler was furious and screamed aloud at him. The little press repre-

sentative, to say the least of it, looked scared and almost as though he wished the earth might swallow him ; but Whistler, looking over his head, mercilessly shouted to the attendant, 'Who is this man ?' with a strong emphasis on the last word. 'Mr. —, representative of "Funny Folks," sir,' replied the commissionaire. Whistler gave one of his eldritch screams of laughter, and I fled from the battlefield in dismay.

I have given you an example of Whistler as a purist managing a one-man show, but Whistler the president of an art society was infinitely more witty. He carried out his character of purist to a remarkable extent—in a word, he figuratively took off his coat and set to work to cleanse the society vigorously with the hot water and soft soap of his own good taste. And it was an exceedingly interesting experiment ! Personally I would not have missed one of those remarkable meetings with Whistler as president. It was incomparably witty, and I laughed at times until I cried, while my mirth was drowned by the angry shouts and complaints of the members about me. Never in this world has there been, nor probably will there ever be again, such a president as Whistler was then. He was among presidents quite unique. As to the duties of his position he was not quite clear, but he had in his mind certain fixed improvements and certain facts of which he wished to speak—and he spoke. The result was, as will be seen, disastrous for all concerned. A president at a meeting is supposed to encourage the members to talk and give their opinions, but that was not Whistler's idea at all ; he sat up there on his president's chair and talked to them himself—talked to them for hour upon hour, brilliant, flowing, caustic talk, talk which made them stagger and well-nigh swept them off their feet. Was this the same man whom they had elected as president ? the members whispered one to another—this brilliant epigrammatic individual who talked not to them but at them ?

One of the first things Whistler did was to make a member of myself. He took me under his wing, as it were, and engineered me into the society in an incredibly short space of time. Myself and a few of us, all friends of his, Whistler gathered together and formed into a species of inner circle whose sacred duty it was to fight for the master. On the night before one of the exhibitions during Whistler's term of presidency we all met together at his studio, where he explained his plan of campaign to cleanse the society. I, as a member of the hanging committee, was especially instructed to be

ruthless in rejecting pictures. He impressed upon me the necessity of saying 'Out, out, out'; he said, 'Never weary, Menpes, of saying "out." We want clean spaces round our pictures; we want them to be seen; the British Artists must cease to be a shop.' And out they went one after the other, until very few and select were the pictures reserved for the exhibition. But those few were hung faultlessly and in a decorative pattern on the walls, with plenty of wall space round each. Undoubtedly these pictures were shown at their best advantage.

Whistler started by redecorating the gallery, 'cleansing' it, as he himself put it, procuring a neutral tone, and rejecting all other hangings and decorations. I remember well we used muslin to festoon with, and unfortunately towards the ceiling the material ran short, and certain of the battens were left exposed. But Whistler allowed this paucity to pass, and when I suggested that perhaps the critics might complain, calling the gallery unfinished and a skeleton, Whistler said, 'If they complain we can simply tell them that the battens form decorative lines and well placed,' and in a very short space of time he had quite convinced himself and all of us that these exposed battens were indispensable to the scheme of decoration. But somehow or other the neutral tone of the walls and the decorative hanging did not seem to appeal to the average British Artist; the society felt that, although artistically they might be improving by leaps and bounds, financially they were becoming just as rapidly ruined. Yet all these men had in their innermost hearts a great though reluctant regard for the master both as critic and painter, perhaps more especially as critic. And on the morning of the first exhibition, when all the pictures had been hung and the arrangements completed, all the members assembled in the gallery to await the arrival of the master. He was late, and many were the nervous conjectures as to what he would be likely to say concerning such and such a picture, whether he might praise or condemn each man's special work. At last it was said that the master had arrived. There was intense excitement; we felt conscious and strained, yet tried to appear at our ease. The master at length entered, faultlessly dressed, walking with a swinging jaunty step, evidently quite delighted with himself and the world in general. He passed down the gallery humming a French chanson and, never noticing the assembled members, walked straight up to his own picture. And there he stayed for quite fifteen minutes, regarding

it with a satisfied expression, stepping now backwards now forwards, canting his head and dusting the surface of the glass with a silk pocket-handkerchief. We watched him open-mouthed. Suddenly he turned round, beamed upon us, and uttered but two words—'Bravo, Jimmy'—then took my arm and hurried me out of the gallery, talking volubly the while. Whistler was very amusing in his attempts to 'cleansed' the society; in the teeth of opposition from the British Artists themselves he left not a stone unturned to complete their artistic triumph. The smallest detail was treated by him with importance. For instance, there was the signboard that was a cruel thorn in the master's side for quite fifteen minutes, during which time he sorrowfully regarded it before the board was ultimately displaced and sent off to his studio, where with a few sweeps of his brush he transformed the Reckitt's blue enamel and white lettering of the original into a large well-placed butterfly and a lion on a red ground, while the 'Royal Society of British Artists,' printed in small black letters, did not at all interfere with the harmony of the whole. Then, again, of the society's note-paper and the stamp upon it Whistler did not approve. Immediately he designed another, a small red lion, decorative and dainty in the extreme. On the first proof sent from the stationers he wrote me a little letter. And to show what a joyous, light-hearted, almost boyish man the master could be on occasions, I feel I must repeat to you this letter: 'I write on the official sheet, oh dear and most respectful one, because I am in love with the look of it. Isn't it really brilliant and fascinating as a picture? and my little red lion, isn't he splendid and well placed?

'What's the use——'

This letter I kept, as indeed I have kept and cherished all Whistler's letters.

At last the climax came; Whistler's ideas were too pure for the society; he was cleansing them too thoroughly, and the society rebelled. There was a strong agitation to depose Whistler and place another president in his stead, and the discussion took place at a meeting. There were two or three members who were very fluent speakers, and they attacked Whistler on the lines of his having taken away from the dignity of the society. They accused him of having brought too many eccentricities among them; it was impossible, they said, to keep pace with such ideas, and also their pictures were not selling. Whistler's reply to this attack was stupendous! He withered them as they sat there, withered

them and turned yet again to grind his heel on the faded fragments of the fight. He put on his eyeglass and looked round on this circle of British artists—a slow, comprehensive, meditative stare. And then at length he said sweetly and with some concern, 'You know you people are not well. You remind me of a shipload of passengers living on an old tub (the society) which has been anchored to a rock for many years. Suddenly this old tub, which has seemed disused and incapable of putting out to sea to face the storm and stress of the waves, is boarded by a pirate. I am the pirate. He patches up the ship and makes her not only weather-tight but a perfect vessel, and boldly puts out to sea, running down less ably captained ships, leaving a stream of wreckage in her wake. But, lo and behold, her triumphant passage is stopped, and by the passengers themselves; for, unused to the strange and unaccustomed movement, they are each and every one of them sick and ill. But, good people, it is merely a matter of habit; soon you will not feel it, and you will live to thank your captain. Then you complain of my eccentricities. But mark you, dear people, you invited me into your midst as president because of these same so-called eccentricities. You elected me because I was much talked about and because you imagined that I would bring notoriety into your gallery. Did you imagine that when I entered your building I should leave my individuality on the door mat? If so you are much mistaken, I am still Whistler, the so-called eccentric, still the master.'

In this article I have spoken of Whistler as a president, Whistler in connection with his own personal appearance, and many other sides of that great man's character; but it was Whistler the etcher that appealed to me more closely, for it was as an etcher that I had the privilege of serving him, and more especially in the printing room. Everything connected with Whistler's etching was absolutely pure and right; from the first stroke on the copper plate to the printed proof, every detail was carried through to perfection. For instance, take the paper that the plate was printed on. Now Whistler would think nothing of going on a trip to Holland in search of old Dutch paper, and many a time have I joined him in this interesting hunt. These golden sheets of Dutch paper gave him just the ground he needed in order to receive the lace-work of etched lines. And Whistler economised each line so as not to destroy the breadth of the picture. His idea was that the sheet of golden Dutch paper should come as nearly as possible to repre-

sent the sheet of burnished copper. The sheet of paper was to Whistler as the broad tone of nature, and only a few lines were needed to caress it into form. To have attempted to get what the French call 'values' Whistler felt would be an absurdity; it would be straining the medium. And then the handling of the plate: the way he would paint it with acid, putting it on daintily with a feather, instead of, as most etchers do, stopping out and protecting the back with varnish before plunging the whole into a bath of acid. Whistler in his method of painting was just as much a purist; there too he never strained his medium. He always started with the tone of the panel or canvas as near as possible to the general tone of the picture as he could get it, instead of, if he were painting a dark-toned picture, beginning with a white ground and then struggling to kill it.

The 'followers' as we called ourselves—that is to say, the few men who surrounded Whistler—were not quite successful as purists. We tried to be so pure that we produced faces without any features—simply a fleshy mass. London from the top of hansom cabs, too, was a failure, the technique was somewhat shaky, and sad low-toned ballet girls who became all the rage with us two months later, ballet girls painted in the low tones of Whistler, were not in great demand. At a later period we took to living in cafés by day and night discussing art. Soon after this we dispersed, and the reason for our disbandment was that some one suggested that we should treat art from the athletic standpoint and hit out from the shoulder. At that period the features of our portraits were a little out of place; it was the death-blow of the pure period; the purists were thenceforward known no more, the sporting instinct was rife among us, and art for the time abandoned.

MR. WHIBLEY'S 'THACKERAY'

BY ANDREW LANG.

OF Mr. Whibley's 'William Makepeace Thackeray' in Mr. Blackwood's series, I must confess myself no impartial critic, because I am not an impartial critic of Mr. Thackeray.

L'Ecosse ne peut pas te juger ; elle t'aime :

Monsieur Coppée writes, concerning an historical personage. We cannot judge persons, or authors, whom we love ; and from childhood, for better or for worse, I have been in love, so to speak, with the author of 'Vanity Fair' and 'The Rose and the Ring.' Don't I remember the first appearance of Giglio and Bulbo on any stage, and the small boy who hurried through their history in an evening ? Dobbin and Cuff, and the Osborne boys, and jolly little Rawdon, and Becky, hurling the Dixonary out of the carriage window, and Jos Sedley, and Mrs. Major O'Dowd, and Jim Crawley, were even earlier friends. In these days the bully Cuff was a more present terror than Mr. Squeers, who, somehow, had an engaging humour of his own, and, at all events, never licked a boy on the hands with a stump, like that beast Cuff. The mill between Berry and Biggs was a match for Waterloo ; I preferred it even to the spirited rally between Tom Brown and Slogger Williams. Mr. Tippens, the uncle, finger and thumb in his waistcoat pocket, stood for several uncles of my own. Before I had ever heard Mr. Thackeray's name, I remember, when a child of eight, finding his poem of the girl and the curly page, fishing under a tree, and falling into a day dream over them, as over the lovers in Shakespeare's fairy play. Then a bigger boy seemed to discover all worldly wisdom in 'The Newcomes' and 'Vanity Fair,' wisdom, kindness, true love, religion, inexhaustible humour, style that was a song and an enchantment. Mr. Edmund Yates I regarded, at the mature age of fourteen, with feelings—well, with feelings that never altered. On the inner wall of an old chapel on the Loire are scratched the words 'Bayard is Deid.' Some sentimental archer of the Scottish Guard had written

them in 1524, when he heard of Bayard's death—with such emotion as I heard of the death of Thackeray, whom I had never seen.

Of course maturity brought a measure of disenchantment. I know now that Mr. Thackeray moralised too much, and too often—at least for the general taste—the practice was a legacy from Fielding. I know that the novels are rather picaresque than masterpieces in construction, and are not precisely terse. I have found out that Colonel Esmond is grossly unjust to his King, as regards his Most Sacred Majesty's morals; and over generous to his *esprit*, which was a minus quantity. I read in a review, last month, that Thackeray 'wrote with his elbow,' as compared with Dickens, and though I do not quite agree (*mirror magis*), yet one has observed lapses in grammar, odd and unaccountable. Still, I stand confessed a fanatic and a sentimentalist.

In addition to these failings, I am a 'Victorian.' We are, to be sure, all Victorians; no born Edwardian, unless he is as precocious as the learned infant not appreciated by the elder Mr. Shandy, has yet indited criticism. But Mr. Whibley is a Late Victorian. One difference between us is that while to me (owing to the remote date of my birth) Thackeray is a colossal big brother—or shall we say uncle?—in letters, towering far above me, Mr. Whibley surveys him from the lofty height of forty ascending years. Thackeray is no Colossus to one who views him from the crest of 1903—from that peak of increased wisdom and improved taste—and through the purer air of moral speculation, to which we, or at least to which our juniors, have so fortunately attained. My differences from Mr. Whibley are not, happily, on all points essential. 'The friendships which Thackeray made ended only with his life;' Mr. Whibley writes: 'He must have been noble indeed who was the friend of Edward FitzGerald and of Alfred Tennyson.' And Mr. Whibley sets a shining example in his avoidance of personal tattle.

Victorian or not Victorian, 'old-fashioned' (like Thackeray and me), or up to date, an author ought to pay to his own book the compliment of reading it before it is published. Mr. Whibley has, apparently, neglected this method of attaining efficiency. Nothing in letters has astonished me more than 'the beginning of his commonwealth,' except the end, which 'forgetteth the beginning.'

On page 6 Mr. Whibley writes, that, 'if' Thackeray 'left behind him' (at the Charterhouse) 'all knowledge of the classics, he was already more apt for literature than the famous head-boy himself.' I read this phrase, and timidly hoped to say a word for Thackeray's knowledge of ancient literature. Again, Mr. Whibley writes, 'he learnt no Greek, he tells us, and little Latin' (page 4). I thought that Thackeray had modestly exaggerated his ignorance; I recalled his allusions to Homer, the Greek tragedians, and Aristophanes, whom Pen pronounced the greatest poet of them all. As to the Augustan Latin poets, I was prepared to prove Thackeray's acquaintance with them. One felt confident that he did not, when he left school, 'leave behind him all knowledge of the classics,' as Mr. Whibley averred. But (this was the second surprise) on page 247 Mr. Whibley writes thus of Thackeray: 'He was perfectly familiar with both the Augustan ages'—that of England and that of Rome! 'Horace he knew best of all, and quoted most constantly.' 'Thackeray in his most careless moods suggests the classics.' Yet, on page 6, he 'left behind him all knowledge of the classics,' when he went up to Cambridge. Did Mr. Whibley begin his book before he had read Thackeray, before he found out that Thackeray knew Horace, Virgil, Ovid, Juvenal, and the Augustan age generally? If so, when he did find out that Thackeray 'was perfectly familiar' with some classics at least, that he knew Horace, even if he neglected him at school, why did he allow the extraordinary statements of his first chapter to stand where they ought not? Mr. Henley, who 'read the most of the proof sheets,' probably did not see the last sheet with its contradictions of the first, and doubtless took Mr. Whibley's assertion of Thackeray's classical ignorance for granted. Happily the critic has contradicted his own assertion.

Mr. Whibley justly and generously censures that industry of the literary body-snatcher, which unburies and publishes Thackeray's 'experiments in journalism,' and the casual hack-work—*les chaînes de l'esclavage*, George Warrington calls them—which a man who lives by his pen remembers, perhaps, or perhaps forgets, but certainly would not give to the world as a permanent possession. 'Thackeray emerges from the trying ordeal'—of the *chiffonnier*—'far better than would the most of men.' There is one good thing (a memorable remark to the anthropologist) even in Miss Tickletoby's 'History of England.'

Thackeray, when he came on the town as a writer for the

press, found literature (I mean what the public took to be literature) a blend, Mr. Whibley rightly thinks, of savagery and sentimentalism. The savagery can scarcely be revived, though attempts have been made, not unmeritorious, in the style of Mr. Bludyer. Croker was the stupidest savage, I think, and we still, like Captain Shandon, hear the crack of Macaulay's whip on 'the varlet's jacket.' Years had softened Lockhart, but not Maginn. Thackeray did not escape from the tone, witness the case of Lytton; I doubt if 'time has amply justified whatever savagery he displayed' to 'Bulwig.' But 'George de Barnwell' is not savage; it is a joy for ever.

Mr. Whibley has a considerable contempt for Thackeray as an 'art critic.' But, not having seen Etty's 'Sleeping Nymph,' I don't know whether it was, as Thackeray said, 'unfit for exhibition among respectable people,' or not. Respectable people are so inflammable! I was too long an 'art critic' to know anything about 'art criticism.' Among *les chaînes de mon esclavage* those of art criticism were the most galling. There was a picture of a fat naked Susanna, humorously hung between portraits of two elders, Mr. Mundella and another, which made me avert a pudibund countenance. But Thackeray was right about Cruikshank and Leech and the Venus of Milo; and Clive's prose hymn to that lady says what ought to be said, yet 'Thackeray's scorn for the cold marmoreal Greeks was eloquent even for his age.' It would appear that Thackeray's taste had improved, when he wrote 'The Newcomes.' He must have been very young, or have seen very little—and seen that little wrong—when he wrote that the Greek genius 'leaves humanity altogether inhuman.' He had learned 'a jargon which Ruskin adopted as his own.' Ruskin probably was not aware of the circumstance; alas, he was Early Victorian! But I am certain that Thackeray wrote with zest about many good works of art, see 'The Roundabout Papers' for example, and this ought to be counted to him for righteousness, even if he so far fell from grace, in youth, as to find 'a picture by Eastlake' 'as pure as a Sunday hymn sung by the voices of children.' He was still young, and he had not our advantages. He never heard of impressionism, any more than he knew the fierce and slaughterous but poetic joy of charging in a motor.

In Thackeray's earlier tales, say 'A Shabby Genteel Story,' I suppose, 'he seems to snigger behind his sobs,' and I fancy that Shakespeare's clown chuckles behind his tragedies. 'His pathos

does not melt the wise to tears, his irony is seldom sustained.' As to the lachrymose wise, tears seem to be a matter of date and period. If Emmy's parting with George Osborne in the dawn of Quatre Bras does not set 'the tears trickling down my nose' (as in the case of Ensign Stubble), if my 'waterpumps are' not 'at work again,' like those of that hero, when Esmond comes 'bringing his sheaves with him' (a passage justly admired by Mr. Whibley), it may be because I am one of the wise. But I am Victorian enough to think these passages—and even some in earlier works—pathetic. In the pathetic, at least, Thackeray did not absolutely 'wallow naked,' like his great rival. 'The heroic temperament is tearful,' says a very ancient critic, and it is just conceivable that we do not live in the heroic age.

Thackeray is condemned for frankly confessing, in an ironical work, 'Catherine,' that his characters make him sick. It is a mixture of *genres*. I see no great harm in it. Molière, in contemporary editions, had to interline the pages where Tartuffe speaks, with *C'est un scélérat qui parle*. The public often does not understand irony; Mr. Whibley says that 'it is not easily understood.' Molière did not trust his public. Perhaps Thackeray did not.

Happily, C. Jeames de la Pluche is fortunate enough to win Mr. Whibley's kinder regards. Is the hero's name C. Jeames de la Pluche, or does he sign himself 'Fitzjames de la Pluche'? 'I may be illygitmit,' he confesses, his both was wrapped in a mistry. Had Thackeray ever heard of the royal James de la Cloche (1668)? Jeames was born in 1801; Henry IX. was still alive! By his Christian names—Charles James—can Jeames have intended to imply that, like James de la Cloche, he was of a royal line? 'Fitzjames' carries even more boldly the same pretension. 'Mistry!'

Thackeray, we saw, was of a sentimental rowdy literary period when he commenced author. He himself 'seems to have come straight out of the eighteenth century,' for there is sentiment and sentiment. He 'had the melancholy of a reserved and sensitive man,' who was also 'of a buoyant temper.' 'High spirits were his constant companions.' Hardly 'constant,' it would seem, granting his melancholy, sensitiveness, and reserve.

A melancholy, buoyant, reserved man with a constant flow of high spirits, 'even when judgment deserted him for a while,' Thackeray, 'in the guise of a picturesque reporter,' was writing the pieces of journalism later collected in 'The Paris Sketch Book.'

He must have been a startling object in the streets of Lutetia! Mr. Whibley finds in these essays a good deal to blame. Despite his companions, constant high spirits, Thackeray 'solemnly reproves the Sancho-like gravity and naïveté' wherewith they (the French) 'applaud the achievements of Louis Philippe. . . .' When Thackeray compared the seriousness of a Frenchman to that of an owl, was he in high spirits or was he solemn? As to applauding Louis Philippe, that prince's head, in the shape of a pear, was being caricatured all over the town, so Thackeray tells us. I do not know the exact dates of each paper in 'The Paris Sketch Book': applause and caricature of Mendoza's royal visitor probably alternated.

Thackeray's great error was to 'expect in the French the same political intelligence which he finds in the English.' Is there so much to choose? It was, at least, kind of Thackeray to expect it, if he did.

As to contemporary French literature, Thackeray was 'a Philistine.' Like John, Master of the Temple of God, he 'fell to sin the unknown sin.' He had never heard of Philistinism: nobody in England had, till long after 1840. Here Mr. Whibley, with the advantage of sixty years of progress, has Thackeray 'at an avail.' However, I grant that it was a Philistine thing to call 'de Balzac not fit for the salon,' and Dumas 'about as genteel as a courier,' if the phrase was serious.¹ Had we seen these great writers when Thackeray did, we might have taken his meaning better. Mr. Whibley repeats that 'he might have read the masterpieces of Balzac, Dumas, Hugo, Stendhal, and the rest hot from the press.' He might, and that was precisely where Thackeray stood at a vast disadvantage, compared with Mr. Whibley. The masters had not cooled down into majestic statues of bronze, as we see them now: their works were only too 'hot from the press,' and a queer metallic vapour of the contemporary furnace dimmed their outlines. We must remember that the Briton had not yet become accustomed to the romantic but rather 'hot' ideas of which the plays of Dumas and Hugo, and certain of Balzac's novels, are full. The Briton then found the vapour somewhat mephitic. We have grown familiar with worse things: we have ceased to that extent to be Philistine. Yet, even now, I am British enough to find the idea of 'Anthony' choicely absurd, and to grin at 'Kean.' Dumas was not then, if ever, easily to be

¹ Mr. Whibley knows that it is not ironical.

taken seriously, as a human being, and he was cutting his capers before a laughing public. Hugo, like Rudolphe in 'Les Jeunes-France,' 'lacked common sense,' even if he made up for it, like Rudolphe, by *les qualités les plus brillantes*. I do not know that Thackeray had read Théophile, in whom he might have found a more congenial humour. But, had I to criticise 'The Paris Sketch Book,' I could not omit, like Mr. Whibley, the passage on the style of George Sand. And I would not forget that, in estimating Balzac, we have the advantage over Thackeray of sixty years. As he holds that vantage ground, I doubt whether Mr. Whibley, as a critic, is so vastly superior to the Philistine who has given me medicines to make me love him. Had Mr. Whibley been taken from English life and his University, and thrown, at the age of thirty, into the Paris of 1840, I am not certain that he would have excelled Thackeray in sympathy and intelligence. But to do so, as far as Balzac is concerned, is not difficult now, and when it came to the Musketeers, I hold that Thackeray's heart was always with these immortal friends of ours, though not, as Mr. Whibley thinks, in his boyhood. D'Artagnan had not then dawned on Dumas. In any case, I must candidly admit that Thackeray's appreciation of French literature 'hot from the press' was not what it should have been, and, I conceive, would have been, had the literature not been so 'hot.'

You see I keep on giving Thackeray 'time allowances.' He did not, he could not, know all that his critic knows: he was young, and if he preferred 'the rule of the grocer' to that of the baron he may be defended on the ground of the utilitarian philosophy. If he was 'a mutinous cockney,' he knew that he was, and if he, with his 'buoyant pleasure-loving nature,' scorned the modern Athens that he saw, I would respectfully attribute the aberration to the Attic cellar and cuisine, with their effects on his buoyant and melancholy digestion.

So I had written, when I thought it well to consult the passage cited ('Cornhill to Cairo,' pp. 46-60, 1846). It was (though Titmarsh protests that it was not) 'the bill at the hotel and the bugs' that made him write his splenetic page. He said to the Greek Muse: 'I read your poets, but it was in fear and trembling.' Yes, I thought that Thackeray had read the Greek poets, though he pretends that 'he does not know Greek.' He saw Athens as a man sees it who 'has had little rest, and is bitten all over by bugs,' and he goes on to quote the 'Clouds,' this ignoramus! The

ancient Greeks, he cries, in such an environment, could not but be 'lordly, beautiful, brilliant, brave, and wise.' He contrasts, quite justly, the graces of Greek architecture, 'these perfect structures,' with the ponderous remains of haughty Rome. He acknowledges the debt of Tennyson to the Greeks. Mr. Whibley calls him 'blind to Athens and its splendid memories.' But Thackeray writes :

It stretches our minds painfully to try and comprehend part of the beauty of the Parthenon—ever so little of it—the beauty of a single column, a fragment of a broken shaft lying under the astonishing blue sky there, in the midst of that unrivalled landscape.

There may be grander aspects of nature, but none more deliciously beautiful. The hills rise in perfect harmony, and fall in the most exquisite cadences, the sea seems brighter, the islands more purple, the clouds more light and rosy than elsewhere. As you look up through the open roof [of the Parthenon] you are almost oppressed by the serene depth of the blue overhead. Look even at the fragments of the marble, how soft and pure it is, glittering and white like fresh snow! 'I was all beautiful,' it seems to say, 'even the hidden parts of me were spotless, precious, and fair,' and so, musing over this wonderful scene, perhaps I got some feeble glimpse or idea of that ancient Greek spirit which peopled it with sublime races of heroes and gods.

Now, Mr. Whibley has either not read this exquisite passage (unrivalled by Mr. Cobden) or, having read it, he dares to say that Thackeray is 'unmindful of the associations' of Athens, is 'blind to Athens and its splendid memories.' I ask, is Mr. Whibley's account of Thackeray at Athens true or fair? He omits the spleen caused by the bill and the bugs. He suppresses the noble panegyric on the Parthenon, and on the men, half divine, who reared it and worshipped within it the goddess of the city of the violet crown of hills.

Thackeray, or Titmarsh, as any mortal but Mr. Whibley can see, is writing 'humouristic' travels, he discharges his spleen, caused by the bill and the bugs, at the shabby modern town and the palace of the Basileus. And then he returns to old Athens, to her associations, to her beauty lying in ruin—that very ruin displaying her like 'the King's daughter all glorious within'—'even the hidden parts of me were spotless, precious, and fair.' He writes of that matchless Attic race to whom, and of whose Gods, St. Paul himself (he remarks) spoke tenderly and graciously. You could never guess at these things from what Mr. Whibley says about Thackeray's 'contemptuous summary,' which 'not even Cobden himself surpassed.' No more than history can biography be written by this method of suppression.

One must explain it (as I do) by want of care, rather than by want of candour, and by the unconscious bias of Mr. Whibley's acute sense of superiority. We all, we critics, have an honest joy in our superiority. There are things in Shakespeare, in Tennyson, in Scott, in Milton, in Wordsworth, to which we can feel superior. The greatest genius may, for a moment, make a slip which worthy souls like ourselves could easily avoid. But then Thackeray did not make the slip for which Mr. Whibley condemns him, he was not blind to the glories of ancient Athens.

Nowhere do we find Mr. Whibley a more superior person than in his criticisms of 'Barry Lyndon' and 'Vanity Fair.' One complaint is that the irony of 'Barry Lyndon' is not perfectly sustained. The rogue's character, unlike that of Becky, is not 'uniform and sustained.' But what human character is 'uniform'? Sir James Crichton-Browne has been blaming Mr. Froude for painting Carlyle as an incongruous grotesque monster. We are all incongruous. The cruelties of the kind, the lapses into sentiment of the ruffianly are commonplaces of human nature. I think that Barry's 'babbling of flowers,' and weeping when he meets his uncle, and even pitying his old mother, are natural things for such a man to do. It 'gies a bit dirl now and then,' the conscience of the most hardened, as Ratcliffe observes in 'The Heart of Midlothian.' 'We can only regard Barry's backslidings into sensibility as a serious blemish,' says Mr. Whibley. It is an arguable point. I fancy that Barry, alone and reminiscent, was 'very capable of having these things happen to him.' In other respects the criticism of Barry, with the notes on contemporary adventurers, is excellent, whether Mr. Whibley is right as to Barry's lapses into sensibility or not.

Excellent, too, are the remarks on Thackeray's obsession by the idea of snobs and snobbishness. He liked 'The Book of Snobs' least of all his works, which is a comfort. But take the military snobs: be fair to the sketch! Thackeray finds 'vacuous, good-natured, gentlemanlike, rickety little lieutenants,' and he attacks the purchase system. Was he wrong? He knows that the little men had courage.

'Let those civilians who sneer at the acquirements of the army read Sir Harry Smith's account of the battle of Aliwal.' 'We must cheerfully give Grig and his like the character for courage which they display whenever occasion calls for it.' The picture is not unfair, and Grig, buying himself over the head of the competent

veteran Grizzle, has ceased to be. But, fanatic as I am, I agree with Mr. Whibley that Thackeray became obsessed by his idea. 'He worries his point, until he himself becomes the mouthpiece of mean thoughts.'

As to 'Vanity Fair,' Thackeray remained old-fashioned to the end.' He let the story 'drag its author after it,' as Scott confesses that he himself did. Thackeray moralises. He *was* 'old-fashioned,' we plead guilty. He was of the eighteenth century. Fielding writes in 'Tom Jones' (Book III. chapter vii.): 'I ask pardon for this short appearance by way of Chorus on the stage. . . . As I could not prevail on any of my actors to speak, I was obliged to declare myself.' In Thackeray who acts Chorus Mr. Whibley regrets 'this constant intrusion.'

Well, Mr. Whibley may edit a "Vanity Fair" as it should be, with a pair of scissors and a blue pencil. He can cut out all the last 150 pages, which are 'a wanton and tedious' gathering up of the threads. He can delete all the moralisings. He knows that 'recollections of boyhood and innocence,' 'pangs of dim remorse and doubt and shame,' could not possibly have visited Rawdon Crawley. He can draw his blue pencil through such deplorable errors. He believes in characters with 'a spirit of oneness.' He differs from Thackeray, St. Paul, and many other moralists. I observe that Mr. Whibley admires Becky in these 'wanton and tedious' last 150 pages which ought not to have been written, which come after 'the logical end of the book.' Is that end, then, so logical? Did not the logical study of the psychology of Becky demand the scenes at Pumpnickel?

Perhaps the critic is not more consistent, critically, than Rawdon and Barry are, morally. Perhaps 'oneness of character' is a new-fashioned foible. Is it not plain that if Rawdon 'believed in Becky's affection with a childlike faith,' as Mr. Whibley truly says, and adored his son in her defect, his 'oneness of character' may have been disintegrated through love? He goes to his old home with Becky; old memories of childish innocence are stirred: he dimly feels shame and doubt and remorse. But Mr. Whibley finds this impossible, a result of the author's 'sentimentality.' This is on page 95. On page 101, he explains (as if it needed explanation!) that Rawdon's character was modified by love of wife and child, and he remarks: 'Rawdon Crawley, in brief, is not merely sympathetic, he is also true to life.' He was quite untrue on page 95! If Mr. Whibley thus incon-

sistently blesses, on page 101, what he banned on page 95, may not even Rawdon's character have altered in the course of years? If Mr. Whibley discovers 'a certain attraction' in the pages which he declares to be 'wanton and tedious'; if he finds enjoyment in the deeds of Becky at Pumpnickel, does he himself shine in 'oneness of spirit' as a critic? Thackeray 'went back for inspiration to the true English novel of Fielding,' and then (I do not say altogether unjustly) he is blamed for acting Chorus as Fielding does in 'the true English novel'!

It appears that Mr. Whibley began his remarks on 'Vanity Fair' with an intention of being very superior, and then unconsciously, in places, declined from his pinnacle. On one point he certainly is not Middle Victorian. He denies that 'Vanity Fair' is 'heartless and cynical,' as Ruskin and Mr. Stevenson deemed it to be. He adds that Amelia 'is drawn with a cold contempt.' One can only marvel! We know the persons from whom Thackeray says that he drew Amelia, as far as a character is drawn from actual models. That Lady Jane and Mrs. Major O'Dowd 'breathe' in different 'atmospheres' is given as a proof that the book 'is composed in varying planes of caricature.' How could Lady Jane and the good Irish camp follower possibly breathe in the same social atmosphere? One might as well insist that Miranda does not breathe the same atmosphere as Trinculo or the Boatswain.

While Thackeray does not construct his tale like 'Balzac and the moderns,' yet Thackeray's method is 'vastly more artistic' (in the Waterloo portions) 'than that of the modern novelist, who would vulgarise Wellington's and Napoleon's speeches 'by the accent of his own suburb,' or 'would present them as the dummies of a pedantic archæologist.'

This is consoling. Thackeray is old-fashioned in construction. 'The book has not a plan or motive in the sense that Balzac and the moderns have understood it.' But, in the episode of Waterloo, 'Thackeray's method is vastly more artistic.' *Il se rattrape.*

The old-fashioned sentimentalist who writes these lines has given his reasons for failing to admire absolutely Mr. Whibley's critique of 'Vanity Fair.' It ends in an interesting discussion of Rigby, Mr. Wenham, and J. W. Croker. But as regards 'Pendennis' I can only 'say ditto' to Mr. Whibley—and to Thackeray's 'I lit upon a very stupid part, I am sorry to say, and yet how well written it is!'

To criticise Mr. Whibley's censure of 'The English Humourists'

one would need a dozen pages, and room for a world of historical references. One point I may touch. Thackeray writes: 'I wish Addison could have loved Pope better. The best satire that ever has been penned would never have been written then, and one of the best characters the world ever knew would have been without a flaw.' The meaning seems as if it could not be mistaken. 'The best satire' is Pope's character of Atticus (Addison); 'one of the best characters' is meant for Addison himself. Thackeray seems to have held, rightly or wrongly, that Addison 'without sneering taught the rest to sneer' at Pope, and perhaps at his 'Iliad.' Had Addison not done this, his character 'would have been without a flaw,' Thackeray says, and Pope, not irritated, would not have written 'the best satire'—the character of Atticus. But Mr. Whibley thinks that Thackeray means Pope by the man who 'would have been without a flaw,' and by 'the best satire' means 'The Dunciad'! He writes: 'It is hard to say which is the stranger perversity—to see Pope's character without a flaw, or to wish "The Dunciad" unwritten.' A wilder perversity would have been to reckon 'The Dunciad' 'the best satire ever written.' Mr. Whibley adds: 'and thus it is that the didactic spirit always fails to interpret the past.' It is he who has failed, in a style almost inconceivable, to interpret a sentence which, though allusive, is pellucid. Mr. Whibley's modern superiority to didacticism has blinded him to the perfectly obvious sense of Thackeray's observation.

In my poor opinion, Mr. Whibley's triumphant sense of *modernité*, and his failure to make 'time allowances' for a man who wrote 'Tis sixty years since,' and his inconsistencies, which surprise us in an amateur of 'oneness of spirit,' are among the drawbacks to the merits of his book. I cannot here defend Thackeray's, or rather Esmond's, Marlborough, in 'Esmond'—not for lack of materials—but I would like to attempt the task in 'The English Historical Review.' Where does Esmond speak of Marlborough's 'cowardice'? The Rev. Jonathan Swift, I think, actually brought that absurd charge against the great commander who betrayed Tollemache (or Talmash) to France. It is James III., not Marlborough, I fancy, whom Thackeray draws with a happy ignorance, for that prince—'the best of kings and of men,' says his old servant—was never in the least degree lively and amusing.

For the rest 'half "The Newcomes" is irrelevant.' Let Mr. Whibley take his scissors, edit 'The Newcomes,' and give us that

half which, Hesiod says, is 'more than the whole.' For one, I shall cleave to the authorised version, and do my own 'skipping.' If Thackeray anywhere says that, 'as a lazy idle boy,' he 'lived in fancy with Dumas' Musketeers,' why, 'if Pott said that, Pott lied,' and so did Thackeray! The Musketeers came on the world when Thackeray was over thirty.

Everyone must see that what I fail to admire in Mr. Whibley's book is not merely the singular incongruities which I have noted, not merely the lack of historical perspective, but the absence of a quality which, perhaps, ought not to be present, enthusiasm; and the presence of another quality—an inordinate sense of modern superiority—which ought to be absent.

Being an enthusiast, I see that Thackeray, as a matter of fact, was not 'blind to the associations of Athens,' but was frankly enthusiastic on that theme. But there are few enthusiasts, and few readers of Mr. Whibley will compare what Thackeray really wrote with what he did not write—according to his biographer.

LINES WRITTEN IN DEPRESSION.

WHEN suns for weeks have seldom shone,
 And rain and fog pervade the sky,
 And Fiscal Policy alone
 Is dry,

How often I'm inclined to bless
 (On seas statistical afloat)
 Their happy lot who don't possess
 A vote!

By problems hard they ne'er are racked,
 Nor any difficulty find
 In making up (stupendous act!)
 Their mind:

Nor need they wade through miles of type,
 Where politicians by the score
 With one another's statements 'wipe
 The floor'!

But I, who know what ills await
 The British Householder who makes
 (When dealing with an Empire's fate)
 Mistakes,

Behold, oppressed by daily care,
 Arise before my mental view
 The dire results of whatsoe'er
 I do:

I see that vast Imperial Whole
 Resolved to its constituent parts,
 While mere Americans control
 Its marts,

I see great Joseph bid me note
I rent that Empire limb from limb,
 Because I did not go and vote
 For him :

Or, should I seek for *his* applause,
 I seem to stand a crowd amid
 All vainly asking Bread—because
I did !

O happy days ! before I heard
 From statesmen on the daily stump
 The meaning of that fateful word
 To Dump—

Or realised the reasons clear
 Which ought to make consumers weep
 When wares originally dear
 Are cheap ;

Why this to none advantage brings,
 Or those that sell, or those that buy
 (Save to such negligible things
 As I) ;

Why England 'neath Protection's reign
 Will show her foes a firmer front :
 Why 'tis indubitably plain
 She won't :

Why persons twain are wholly free
 Conclusions opposite to frame,
 Although their premises may be
 The same !

A time there was when no one strayed
 In spheres of independent thought ;
 Each voted as his Party said
 He ought,—

When what or whom he voted for
He did not care a single fig,
But simply was a Tory, or
A Whig.

I've often heard (perhaps it's true)
How casting old traditions loose
We're going generally to
The Deuce :

But O ! from this I clearly see
We really stand on Ruin's brink—
When British Householdiers, like me,
Must THINK !

A. D. GODLEY.

SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER.

THE appearance of the fourth volume of the new edition of the 'History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate' marks the conclusion of the life work of one of the great workers of the Victorian age. It is fifty years since Samuel Rawson Gardiner first devoted himself to the study of the times of the first Stewarts and of Cromwell. He lived to write the history of over fifty years; the rate of his progress is, in some degree, the measure of the thoroughness and exactness of his work; it took him well nigh as long to discover the full truth about men's deeds as it did for the deeds to be done. And no one who has read the many volumes in which he told the story will accuse him of undue deliberation, still less of undue haste. He worked continuously and surely, and it was a great result which he achieved.

As with most of the other eminent historians of the nineteenth century, the details of Gardiner's life mattered little to his work. It was not an eventful life: those who knew him cannot doubt that it was a happy one, but it was conspicuously a laborious life. There was never for him the possibility of devoting himself, without distraction, to historical research. During the fifty years he was at work on the great study of his life, and while he was spending all his spare hours in the British Museum, he was teaching also, and teaching often the most elementary subjects to mere beginners in historical studies. He had continually to undergo the strain, of which Bishop Stubbs spoke in one of his statutory public lectures, of having to turn from minute investigation of small points, building up the detailed history of a week or a month, to teaching on the elements of the same subject, broadly treated, and in a way that everyone could understand. Far rather would he turn, Dr. Stubbs said of himself, to a subject quite different, such as algebra or Euclid. And, indeed, he had theology to turn to. But to Gardiner no such variety was possible.

And Gardiner wrote a considerable number of little books. There is nothing that Oxford scholars to-day are more laughed at for than their 'little books.' It is said that their whole output is found in this useless form of book-making. But it is well to remember that four of the most eminent historians of the last generation, Green and Freeman, Gardiner and Creighton, set the

example, and did not find such work incompatible with greater efforts.

One word, and one word only, need be said on the character of the man himself; for, indeed, it was a prime factor in his success. He was the most kind-hearted, modest, and generous of men. He welcomed good work wherever he saw it. Close student though he was, he was nothing of a pedant. He had a keen sense of humour, and a hearty width of friendliness which won him welcome wherever he went. He was utterly destitute of self-consciousness; he felt himself as happy as a junior fellow when he was old enough to be father of his seniors—if the bull may be forgiven—as if he were not one of the most famous scholars of Europe. Perhaps the personal memories that will remain longest of him are those of kindly words of encouragement and kindly words of fun. He enlivened the anxious and very laborious work of the Honour examination in Modern History at Oxford by many a quaint quip of speech. When examiners were compelled to set questions on that marvellous piece of ponderous and ineffective dulness—dulness which the sprightliness of the Oxford tutors who translated it was unable wholly to conceal from the sagacity of those who studied it—Bluntschli's 'Theory of the State,' Gardiner proposed to satisfy the obligation by one comprehensive inquiry: 'Give your reasons for thinking Mr. Bluntschli to have been an ass.' When the work of some candidates seemed to him to be below even the lowest fourth class he described it in the word 'Fie!' and wrote it correspondingly in Greek, ϕ . But to any kind of good work he was indulgent. He was eager to help young workers. He was appreciative of their work, yet he never lowered, by praise which might be stimulating though it were insincere, the high standard of historical presentation which he set before his own eyes and those of his fellow-workers. He was not one of those men of whom biographies are written. He will be remembered, except by his friends, for his historical work alone.

In the case of no man would all who can judge more strongly deprecate exaggerated language; and yet it must be said, how great his work was! That we are now in a position to estimate it must be the excuse for this article. We may well, when we think of Gardiner's 'History,' rub our eyes, look around us, and see how far we have moved since he began to write. He set himself fifty years ago to study afresh, like a great constructive historian as he was—the phrase is that of Bishop Stubbs—the

most critical epoch in English history after the reign of Henry VIII. He found, as everyone knows, the field occupied, for two centuries past, by the most vehement and bitter partizanship. For generations the Cavaliers had had their own way: Charles was a martyr, as the pulpits proclaimed every year: Cromwell was a hypocrite and an usurper. Then came the reaction, first of the Calf's Head Club, and then of the Whig historians. The philosophic Conservatism of Hume yielded to the philosophic Whiggery of Hallam and the fiery rhetoric of Macaulay. At last no name, of folly or knavery, was too bad for Charles, or Laud, or Strafford. And then came the rugged fervour of Thomas Carlyle, and the world was taught to believe that Cromwell was incontestably right, and all his foes were villains, because it was a matter of the eternal verities, and because all that the Cavaliers had for their support was the pitiable protection of 'four surplises at Allhallow tide.' In the days when Hallam and Forster and Carlyle ruled, the Puritans swept the board.

And yet not without protest. A vigorous denunciation of Carlyle's philosophy, of his idolatry of force, and of his toleration of guile, came from the pen of James Mozley: it ended in a marvellous passage of trumpeted defiance in which Cromwell's power was admitted, but as the power of a monster, and in which the man himself stood forth from the gloom as a mighty beast. Wiser and more truly critical were the three articles written in 1846 by Richard William Church. He saw the greatness of the idea which Carlyle had before his eyes. He saw the moral strength of Puritanism. But he accused the hero-worshipper of 'an unreal tone of sentiment,' of 'the mistake of forcing home-bred English Puritans into full-blown divine heroes.' He saw how fine was the character of Cromwell as Carlyle imaged it,—

the dim but unquestionable form of a genuine hero, with belief, veracity, valour, insight; strong in his hatred of falsehood, impurity, injustice, and stern in his way of quelling them,—a genuine Englishman withal, rude and clumsy in speech, as Englishmen are.

But he thought that the reality did not answer to the vision. Thus he ended his survey of the great 'epic of Puritanism'—

And now we must take our leave of Mr. Carlyle we will do him this justice,—we believe that he meant to bring out a genuinely English idea of excellence, to portray a man of rude exterior and speech, doing great things in a commonplace and unromantic way. But we must match his ideal with something better than Cromwell's distorted and unreal character, his dreary and ferocious faith, his thinly veiled and mastering selfishness.

Such was the protest of a candid critic against the untempered eulogy of Carlyle. It cannot be said to have received much attention. The public ear was caught by the great Whig writers, and they dictated historical judgments for over a generation. Indeed, if one were to judge by the most widely used school-books, it might be said that the Whiggish interpretation of seventeenth century history triumphed absolutely, and triumphs still. The example of Dr. Johnson, who 'would not let the Whig dogs have the best of it,' had been turned in favour of the party he detested.

It cannot be said that Gardiner set to work to reverse this verdict. Certainly he had no such intention. His sympathies were with Liberalism rather than with Conservative principles. He detested absolutism in any form, and he was not enthusiastically or aggressively democratic. He had a traditional, a hereditary, admiration for Oliver Cromwell, from whom he was proud to trace descent. But much above these things was his transparent candour and his thorough sense of historic perspective. It was thus that, with no violence of reversal, a new view of the great men and the great crisis of the seventeenth century came into existence through his work. When this is said, it must not be forgotten that Leopold von Ranke, with a width of view and a philosophic power to which Gardiner had no claim, taught the truth about the seventeenth century in England as Gardiner taught it: perhaps even he saw it more completely because he stood farther away. But still, for Englishmen, and in detailed knowledge—where he far surpassed von Ranke—it was Gardiner who wrote the History of England from 1603 to 1655 as, for fact or opinion, it will never need to be written again.

What then was the way in which Gardiner taught men to reconsider the history of the times with which he dealt? Everything, it may be said, depended on the method: and the method was the method of the Oxford historians. Those who have written lately on the work of this distinguished school have very generally forgotten that Gardiner was a pioneer, not a disciple, among that body. The first two volumes of his 'History' were published in 1863. It was not until a year later that Stubbs edited his first volume for the Rolls Series; and it was not till ten years later that the first volume of his constitutional history appeared. Green did not write his first article in the 'Saturday Review' till 1867, or publish the 'Short History of the English People' till 1874. Freeman, it is true, wrote with Basil Jones the

History and Antiquities of St. David's in 1856; but that was work of another type. The Clarendon Press did not begin to issue the great 'History of the Norman Conquest' till 1867. Gardiner thus was one of the first, if not the very first, to show on an extended scale what the new method of historical study involved. At a time when by the most modern of moderns Freeman has been discredited and Stubbs regarded as antiquated, it may seem scarcely worth while to recall the revolution in historical writing which these even effected. It may suffice to repeat that they set the example of studying every known source of information for the period on which they wrote; they for the first time showed the rich stores of information which remained still in manuscript; they used their authorities critically, as they had never been used before; they deliberately set themselves to exclude the partisan view of history, which great writers of their own time had striven to perpetuate. These were great services, and Gardiner was among the foremost in rendering them.

What then did this method effect in the case of the seventeenth century? To what extent did Gardiner succeed in forcing a reconsideration of that great time of strife? It might be said in the first place, that it was in innumerable details that the change was at first apparent. It was the accuracy in minute points, the extraordinary patience of investigation, where the search was not complete till all that it had discovered was taken to the light, and turned this way and that, and weighed, and criticised, and seen in relation to all other facts, important or insignificant, that were in any way related to it, which men first observed in Gardiner's historical work. Before he had proceeded far other writers came near to bettering his instructions; yet, from the beginning to the end, in increasing minuteness of care, no Englishman ever surpassed him. It would be possible to give innumerable instances. Some will recall his personal investigation of every site of importance with which he was concerned, his inspection of battlefields and roads and fords; some will remember how, to the last, he was finding new facts to illustrate a critical point, as in the discovery of the plot which sealed the fall of Strafford. Some again will remember how his keen interest in the geography of his subject was shown, for example, when he was asking questions in *viva voce* at Oxford, by a reference to 'the lie of the land' where events took place, to the harbour of Cadiz, to the cellars of the Parliament house, or to those battlefields

which he had studied with the help of his bicycle and in the company of his wife, as true a student as himself. His work was essentially accurate and minute. But this minuteness was always subservient to, it never obscured, the main issue. You always saw the wood itself clearly enough, for all the thick trees.

What then did Gardiner present as the solid results, new or confirmed, of his minute investigations? Broad and salient characters and principles can alone here be treated. Perhaps the first point which strikes the reader is the treatment of the lesser worthies. The history of the Puritan revolution is no longer the mere eulogy of Cromwell. Forster had spoken of Eliot, and Browning of Pym, as men whose praise should be sounded among that of the highest; but Gardiner came to show how closely their work was bound up with the whole progress of the movement. Eliot was 'the foremost political orator of his time.' His strength lay in the power of his moral nature, in his extraordinary political enthusiasm and his abounding faith in 'the greatness of Parliaments, the living mirror of the perpetual wisdom of a mighty nation.' Side by side with the idealist was the practical organiser of victory.

Pym was born to be a leader of men. He was not a philosopher like Bacon, with anticipations crowding upon his brain of a world which would not come into existence for generations. His mind teemed with the thoughts, the beliefs, the prejudices of his age. He was strong with the strength and weak with the weakness of the generation around him. But if his ideas were the ideas of ordinary men, he gave to them a brighter lustre as they passed through his calm and thoughtful intellect. Men learned to hang upon his lips with delight as they heard him converting their crudities into well-reasoned arguments. By listening to him they made the discovery that their own opinions—the result of passion or of unintelligent feeling—were better and wiser than they had ever dreamed. Nor was it by a mere dry intellectual logic that he touched his hearers. For if there is little trace in his speeches of that fertility of imagination which in a great orator charms and enthral the most careless of listeners, they were all aglow with that sacred fire which changes the roughest ore into gold, which springs from the highest faith in the Divine laws by which earthly life is guided, and from the profoundest sense of man's duty to choose good and to eschew evil. Thus it came about that between this man and that great assembly a strong sympathy grew up—a sympathy which it has always refused to flashes of wisdom beyond its comprehension, but which it grants ungrudgingly to him who can lead it worthily by reflecting its thoughts with increased nobility of expression and by shaping to practical ends its fluctuating and unformed desires.¹

Gardiner in this fine passage was no doubt himself idealising; he forgot for the moment that Pym was a manager, an astute

¹ *History of England, 1603-1642*, iv. 243-244.

tactician, as well as an orator; but that he seized the secret of his power and expressed it to admiration who can doubt?

So too he idealised the wisdom of Bacon. He saw it out of all relation to the practical needs of the time, and notably the religious difficulties. He perhaps followed Spedding too closely, for he had never quite the wisdom of insight possessed by Dean Church. But still he made men see what Bacon's political theories really involved, how wide they were, how far-sighted; and thus he set James's reign, as he set Charles's, in a new light. This was of course especially true through the view that he took of James himself. Macaulay had greedily followed in the errors of the gossips and the libellers: Green, later on, was never able to shake himself free of the infection. But Ranke saw the sagacity of James's ideas, the breadth of his foreign policy; and Gardiner, though, as an Englishman, he was less tolerant of its neglect of English opinion, did solid justice to the statesmanship of the king. The slobbering idiot with the passions of a brute disappears from history, and is replaced by a kindly, thoughtful, eccentric personage, many of whose schemes were wise and far-sighted, but whose incurable tactlessness, and the unhappy circumstances of the time, made them incapable of realisation.

As the volumes proceeded it was seen how, whatever partisans might have said, even-handed justice was now meted out. Historical caricature had long made the names of Buckingham, Strafford, Laud, its own—the reckless, brainless favourite, the black apostate, the childish tyrant and bigot. Men rubbed their eyes when they saw how the figures were changed in the new light. Perhaps the greatest surprise was the new position won by Buckingham. Even the students of history could not quite understand it; but this, it must be said, however respectfully, was due to their ignorance. Even J. R. Green could not, he wrote, 'on his own facts take Gardiner's estimate of Buckingham.' But the more they were looked into, the more the facts showed that Gardiner's view was true. It became impossible any longer to treat him as the mere 'favourite'—a foolish word which has done as much as some other question-begging terms to confuse English history. As it became clear that Buckingham had principles, and even to some extent statesmanship, the simplicity of Clarendon's judgment—in that as in so many things—had to be laid aside. The more we read the more we saw that one who so deeply influenced men of character so unlike as James and

Charles, who won—contrary to every natural anticipation—so warm a place in the affection of the rigid ecclesiastic Laud—was a serious figure in English history, a politician of impulse, but one who reasoned upon his impulses, just one of those, in fact, who at all periods of the national history have been most dangerous to the national stability. His was not a simple character or a simple career, as men had thought. This is how in the end Gardiner treated it.

The solution of the enigma is not to be found in the popular imagination of the day, and still less in the popular history which has been founded upon it. Buckingham owed his rise to his good looks, to his merry laugh and winning manners; but to compare him with Gaveston is as unfair as it would be to compare Charles with Edward II. As soon as his power was established, he aimed at being the director of the destinies of the State. Champion in turn of a war in the Palatinate, of a Spanish alliance, and of a breach first with Spain and then with France, he nourished a fixed desire to lead his country in the path in which for the time being he thought that she ought to walk. His abilities were above the average, and they were supported by that kind of patriotism which clings to a successful man when his objects are, in his own eyes, inseparable from the objects of his country. If, however, it is only just to class him amongst ministers rather than amongst favourites, he must rank amongst the most incapable ministers of this or of any other country. He had risen too fast in early life to make him conscious of difficulty in anything which he wished to do. He knew nothing of the need of living laborious days which is incumbent on those who hope to achieve permanent success. He thought that eminence in peace and war could be carried by storm. As one failure after another dashed to the ground his hopes, he could not see that he and his mode of action were the main causes of the mischief. Ever ready to engage in some stupendous undertaking, of which he had never measured the difficulties, he could not understand that to the world at large such conduct must seem entirely incomprehensible, and that when men saw his own fortunes prospering in the midst of national ruin and disgrace, they would come to the mistaken but natural conclusion that he cared everything for his own fortunes and nothing for the national honour.¹

With Strafford the new presentation was a vindication. Strongly though Gardiner's own opinions differed from those of Wentworth on every point, he followed the facts which he so carefully elicited till they shattered Macaulay's venomous absurdity of a great political apostasy, and set before him the picture of a man of deep and serious mind, a statesman who loved his country devotedly, and whose attachment to her ancient institutions, Church and Crown and Parliament, was almost a passion, a worker of extraordinary energy and of quite unselfish devotion, a chivalrous, sensitive spirit attuned to the highest aims. None the less Gardiner was relentless in showing the discord between

¹ *History of England, 1603-1642*, vi. 358.

Strafford's political theory and the practical facts no less than the imaginative needs of the seventeenth century. Progress, national responsibility, moral expansion, were perhaps impossible for England if Wentworth had prevailed; but Gardiner's picture must set men thinking whether they were any more possible under Cromwell.

With Laud the change was even more startling. Men had come to take it for granted that here was a little man of little mind, a foolish person of silly Romanist leanings, a very narrow, bitter, malicious creature. Even now the notion lingers in school histories and in some 'religious' newspapers; not unnaturally, for Gardiner showed that Laud was more tolerant than the Puritans. It may, perhaps, be said that if Gardiner had studied Laud's works as closely as he studied Strafford's correspondence or Cromwell's speeches he would have come nearer than he did to a complete estimate of the remarkable man who, when he seemed to wreck the Church of England, really preserved her less changed than any other national institution through the wrack of the Civil Wars and the Interregnum. Laud, Gardiner showed, was not a childish pedant, but a statesman with firm opinions based upon the Anglican formularies, from which he never wavered an hairsbreadth: he was a tolerant man, anxious to make room for diversity of thought in the national Church; and 'his nobler aims were too much in accordance with the needs of his age to be altogether baffled.' Those who sympathise with Laud's opinion will never feel that Gardiner did them full justice, and they can point to passages in the Archbishop's own writings which directly contradict the views which the historian attributed to him. But they cannot fail to recognise that it was in the searching, patient, judicial investigation of Gardiner that the 'important historical rectification' of the last few years—as Mr. Gladstone described it to the present writer—had its beginning. And his final testimony must take rank among the permanent decisions of English history:

It is little that every parish church in this land still—two centuries and a half after the years in which he was at the height of power—presents a spectacle which realises his hopes. It is far more that his refusal to submit his mind to the dogmatism of Puritanism, and his appeal to the cultivated intelligence for the solution of religious problems, has received an ever-increasing response, even in regions in which his memory is devoted to contemptuous obloquy.¹

¹ *History of the Great Civil War*, ii. 108.

Buckingham, Strafford, Laud were the three great historical restorations of the earlier part of the history. But as the volumes were studied it seemed as if all the well-known characters stood forth more really, less like puppets, than they had ever done before. Charles I., like his father, had something near justice done him. Gardiner subtly analysed his motives and presented his actions very often in a new, sometimes in a more favourable, light. But it was the minor characters most of all who came to life again at his touch—the Gorings, Essex, Finch, Hamilton, Fairfax, Lilburne, Prynne, Traquair, not to name the far from secondary character of the gallant Montrose. Gardiner, who patiently tramped over battlefields or bicycled along out-of-the-way country lanes, as patiently as he read through documents at the Record Office and pamphlets at the British Museum, seemed to have entered into the life of the age as one who lived it; and he saw with his own eyes the men who had lived and struggled and thought. Sometimes, for a moment, it would seem as if he were blind to some entire side of the life. He even once wrote of the age of Vandyke and Inigo Jones and the masque-designers as ‘an age in which grace and beauty were forgotten.’ He had, but again it was rarely, strange omissions. He disposed—it is the most astounding thing in all his volumes—of the political philosophy of Hobbes in little more than a page: he gave to the most important book of the century less attention than to several trumpery pamphlets of religious or political enthusiasts which had little influence and few followers. But no man ever understood better the currents and cross-currents of opinion in the age of which he wrote. Gardiner was saturated with the pamphlet-literature of an age of pamphlets and, if it might seem that there was only a phrase here or an epithet there to show for all his labour, the knowledge gave him really the mastery of the whole course of events and their causes, if not the whole course of thought.

And this is seen best of all when we remember how he knew and how he estimated Puritanism—Puritanism at its best; for Puritanism after all was the operative movement—not the stable force but the movement—of the time. Wentworth ‘could see nothing in Puritanism but the dry unimaginative contentiousness of a Prynne’; some of Laud’s friends could see nothing but ‘the root of all rebellion and disobedient untractableness, and all schism and sauciness in the country, nay in the Church itself.’ Gardiner saw Puritanism in its strength as well as in its weakness, and this he wrote of it.

It is the glory of Puritanism that it found its highest work in the strengthening of the will. To be abased in the abiding presence of the Divine Sufferer, and strengthened in the assurance of help from the risen Saviour, was the path which led the Puritan to victory over the temptations which so easily beset him. Then, as ever, it was not in the lap of ease and luxury that fortitude and endurance were most readily fostered, nor was it by culture and intelligence that the strongest natures were hardened. The spiritual and mental struggle through which the Puritan entered on his career of Divine service was more likely to be real with those who were already inured to a hard struggle with the physical conditions of the world, and whose minds were not distracted by too comprehensive knowledge of many-sided nature. The flame which flickered upwards burnt all the purer where the literature of the world, with its wisdom and its folly, found no entrance. It is not in the measured cadences of Milton, but in the homely allegory of the tinker of Elstow, that the Puritan gospel is most clearly revealed.¹

It is nothing to the purpose that these fine words are true of many of the Puritans' opponents: it is everything that Gardiner saw where the strength of Puritanism really lay. And, as was natural, he found the strength concentrated in Oliver Cromwell.

It is sad that the great and patient worker did not live to give his final judgment on the character and achievements of the great Protector. He anticipated such a judgment more than once, but the discoveries and admissions—is it wrong to call them such?—of the later volumes, the 'History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate,' prepared the way for a less high-flown eulogy than that with which the Oxford lectures on 'Cromwell's Place in History' concluded. Then in that remarkable course, delivered, if I remember right, without a single note, with fluency unchecked for a whole hour, and holding the audience spellbound by his historic imagination and his moral fervour, Cromwell was compared to Shakespeare and painted as the typical, almost the ideal, Englishman. As the years went on it seemed certain to many of his readers that this verdict could not be sustained. The verdict of Dr. Charles Firth is a sounder one. Towards that verdict it can hardly be doubted that Dr. Gardiner would have tended. As he finished his final survey he would, it is difficult to doubt, have been compelled to admit that Cromwell was too much the representative of a party to be a national hero in the fullest sense. He had begun, in the later chapters he wrote, to emphasize the inconsistency of much of Oliver's position, the 'consideration of material greatness never very far distant from his spiritual enthusiasm,' the jerrymandering of elections 'in the spirit of a pettifogging attorney,' the tolerant spirit that broke

¹ *History of the Great Civil War*, i. 10.

down when it was found that 'the Royalists had religious ideals of their own, [which] was a provocation which made it easy to deny them toleration'; and last of all there is the admission, inevitable when the strange story of the negotiations with Spain against France and of France against Spain is fully revealed: 'It has been sometimes said that Oliver made England respected in Europe. It would be more in accordance with truth to say that he made her feared.' Still there was undoubtedly in the treatment of the Protector a tendency to seek a favourable explanation of doubtful points, to cast no critical eye on the diplomatic religion of the famous letter to 'dear Robin'—a letter, as Dean Church called it, 'which popular opinion would ascribe to a Jesuit'; to condone the sending, by the champion of Protestantism, of English and Scots Protestants to be slaves to Venetian papists; to dilute the tragic facts of the massacre of Drogheda. But to say this is after all only to assert that the times were a little too near his own, the principles for which men fought a little too near his heart, for Gardiner, though he saw all the facts, to see them always impartially.

And, in truth, fine though his perception of character, after long years of intimate study, came to be, it was in grasp of principles, and in dealing with the history as a whole, that Gardiner's chief strength lay. It was for that reason that he could turn aside for a moment from his immediate task, marshal his facts, as it were in an instant, and scathe in a brief review an ignorant or hasty adventurer, or pulverise an ingenious argument as he did when he wrote 'What Gunpowder Plot was.' He was at home in the seventeenth century because he knew its principles as well as he knew its men.

Since his great book began to be widely read it has often been questioned whether Gardiner's would be a permanent fame. Historical reputations, which used to be easily made, are now more hardly won, but perish more rapidly. Tried by Professor Bury's standard, the standard of that remarkable inaugural lecture at Cambridge which marks an epoch in historical study, it is not certain that the 'History of England, 1603-1655,' will survive, but this at least is certain, that the 'Short History of the English People' will die before it, and that if it dies, 'The Norman Conquest,' and even 'The Constitutional History of England,' will not be long in following it to the tomb.

W. H. HUTTON.

THOUGH THE WINDOWS BE DARKENED.¹

It is a long time since these things happened, but I never see Geoffrey Hesse without thinking of the first time I met him. He plays divinely, and I never hear him play without thinking of the first time I heard him, when he was still possessed of the devil. He is so very unlike what he was then that I cannot help thinking of him as he was. And the breaking and making of him I was privileged to see.

And when I think of him at the very first, there rises up before me an Inferno of sights and sounds in which he was an active participant, and out of it, slowly and painfully, emerges the Geoffrey Hesse I have come to know, and—yes, to love, although he came in between me and a foolish and impossible hope. Hardly a hope perhaps—a nebulous golden glory which lit my life for a time, and rekindled youthful visions, and left me the richer even when they faded.

Her name was Penelope Rivers, and when I made her acquaintance she was acting as nurse in one of the Foreign Ambulances at Orléans.

I was attached to the medical staff nominally of the army under Aurelle de Paladines. But matters down there got so mixed that we none of us quite knew where we were or whom we were serving, except that the wounded and the dying were always with us, and our hands were always more than full.

That martyred city changed hands so often, and so suddenly, that we gave up trying to keep track of things political, and bent all our energies to keeping life in the broken men who lay about like autumn leaves, and in smoothing, as we might, the passage of those for whom the last call sounded ceaselessly.

Miss Rivers was an ideal nurse. Her energy was amazing, her determination invincible. She never complained of fatigue, even when her fine clear-cut face showed the tensivity of the strain. She always moved like a shadow—or, better, like a sunbeam—and she always looked like a picture. Not that she laid herself out for that. She simply could not help it. She was born to a beautiful high face, and she could no more help looking bright and beautiful than could a tall white lily, though it bloomed amid heaps of rotting bones and all the refuse of humanity.

¹ Copyright, 1903, by John Oxenham in the United States of America.

She had walked in one morning, during the first occupation by the Germans under Von Der Tann, as other ladies of the town did occasionally. And seeing how short-handed we were she pulled off her gloves and began to help. It did not need her tastefully severe costume to tell us that she was a trained nurse and knew her business thoroughly. She was a God-send to us, and in the course of the morning I took upon myself to say as much.

'It is terrible,' she said, looking round with a great pity in her eyes. 'If you like I will stop and help.'

'Can you?'

'Oh, yes,' she said quickly. 'I was staying with friends in Paris when it began. They came down to Nantes two months ago, and when I heard how things were here I came up last week to see if I could be of any use.'

'We can do with all the help we can get.'

'And a great deal more too. France is bleeding at every pore. She is paying for the past,' she said sadly, and she turned to her work.

I was in love with her, of course—grizzled and fifty though I was—but so was every one else who saw her. Perhaps I had the advantage in that we were compatriots, and that the rest were mostly in pieces, either bodily or mentally: bodies torn and broken, or minds distracted with the impossibility of even inadequately mending them.

The broken ones, when their grinding agonies permitted thought of anything beyond, vowed that the very sight of her did them good, which no doubt was perfectly true. And the mentally distracted worked the better for the privilege she afforded them of seeing things done exactly as they should be done, with the least possible fuss and never a sign of annoyance or complaint. Perhaps you will think the latter hardly holds in face of what happened. However——. And, moreover, I will remind you that even heavenly meekness may twine a whip for the cleansing of the temple.

First, of course, and of intention, we were French. Then, by fate of war, we became German, then again French, till, as I say, we lost track of matters which did not concern us, and simply devoted ourselves to the matters that did, whatever country they hailed from. And they hailed from many, and were mostly scum of the earth, except the Germans, who were quiet, well-behaved, and very grateful; many of them middle-aged fatherly men whom

it made one's heart bleed to see die, and to think of the desolate homes their deaths would make over yonder.

My sympathies had been French, but the types that came into my hands in Orléans were not of the most commendable, and comparisons would be as odious as was at times their behaviour.

Yet, with very few exceptions—and I would be the last to judge even them, for they had suffered much—they bowed before the beneficent influence and benevolent determination of Penelope Rivers. She could do with them what none of the rest of us could, single or combined, and her word was law to men whom even the law looked askance at. For the cream of the manhood of France was cooling in German prisons, and what the tide of battle cast into our backwater was odds and ends rooted out from strange places, in some cases the very dregs of humanity.

The railway stations, transformed into hospitals, were full to overflowing; the churches were diverted from their natural uses by the exigencies of war, wherein souls count for little and bodies for much; and our headquarters were in the cathedral itself. The grand old church was turned to baser uses than that of the ambulance, however, and to one who had known it in its natural glory it was a deplorable and distressing sight.

The bitter weather made it a welcome refuge for all who could find shelter nowhere else. In addition to our wounded, the place was overrun with an unruly mob of Mobiles, Francs-tireurs, Turcos, Spahis, Zouaves—all the disorderly and disintegrated elements of the army which Gambetta had scratched out of the mud for the salvation of the country, and for a sight of which Paris was straining gauntly through the battle-smoke, and looking in vain.

The smoke of a hundred fires and a thousand pipes and cigarettes curled up towards the high arched roof, and filled the place with a dim haze through which the teeming hive below could only be seen in sections. Every chapel was a bivouac, where the chairs intended for worship fed the camp fires, and roasted and stewed for the fortunate ones, and warmed the bones of those who had only the smells to feed on. And the noise of the multitude was like the low growl of the surf on a shingly shore. Now and again it was spitted with venomous points of sharper sound—quarrelsome oaths, groanings, snatches of ribald song, cackles of mirthless laughter, maunderings from drunken lips and delirious brains—a very Inferno.

Our wounded lay in the nave, in such privacy as we could

secure for them. The whole place, except our own corner, reeked with filth. But for the smoke the stench would have been overpowering.

It was among this motley crew that I first met Geoffrey Hesse.

One night, when the growl of the multitude was at its height, a new and hitherto unheard sound broke suddenly on it, and for the moment dominated and almost silenced it. The great organ pealed out suddenly in a grand triumphal march. The arches of the unseen roof rang with it. The mirk seemed suddenly to lift. Humanity, whole and broken, held its breath. Life seemed somehow more wholesomely possible. Even death repressed its groanings.

'Whoever is it?' asked Miss Rivers, as she stood near me for a moment.

'I have no idea. I'll go and see,' and I made my way towards the twinkling lights of the organ.

Before I got there the player had fallen into a slow dreamy symphony, which breathed the very spirit of peace.

'If he would play for us all day like that it would do us good,' I said to myself. 'He'd be worth half a dozen doctors.'

I found a mob of wild spirits round the organ, a mighty fantastic group in the dim light of a couple of candles. Turcos with turbans and coppery-black faces and flashing teeth and white, rolling eyes. Spahis with solemn, peaked faces, gaunt bronze statues in dirty linen and rough woollen robes. Zouaves like bearded hawks, still jaunty and devil-may-care in the remnants of their gaudy uniforms. Two or three little linesmen, and half a dozen raw-faced Mobiles.

These all clustered so tightly round the performer that it was some time before I could get a glimpse of him. He was a finely built man in a Zouave uniform, with a strong, sun-bronzed face, and long dark moustaches flowing over his pointed beard. His eyes were dark and quick. They gleamed with amusement as he glanced occasionally at the swarthy faces around him, and watched the effects of his efforts. He jerked suddenly into a crazy music-hall song, and the circle broke into loud applause, all except the Spahis. Then he dropped as suddenly into a melancholy monotonous measure which was probably an Arab song or march, for the bronze statues nodded solemn approval, while the rest of the company called for something livelier.

Meeting all their humours, he gave them jigs and merry

dances, and set the great machine, over which he had the most perfect control, performing antics that might well have burst its bellows with disgust. It squeaked like a pig and like legions of Gadarene swine rushing violently down steep places. It crowed like a cock and like a whole farmyard, in many keys. It brayed like many asses, and squealed like many mules, and the company shrieked with laughter.

Once the operators behind struck work. The tune died away in a melancholy howl, and half a dozen of those in front whipped out their bayonets and raced round to inquire into things, and the power came back with a rush.

Then he gave them the 'Marseillaise' at full pressure—till the roof seemed to reel. They took up the words and howled them at the top of their voices. Then again some ribald music-hall song in which they all joined lustily.

This was going too far. On the sick and dying below the effect could not be but gruesome in the extreme.

I elbowed through the raised crew, in spite of their fiery looks, and got to the side of the player.

'Cease, Monsieur! Cease!' I shouted in his ear.

He turned slowly and looked me in the face with a smile.

'Remember the sick and dying down below,' I shouted.

He smiled at me wickedly, as a good-humoured fiend might smile, and burst into madder pranks still.

'Stop it, I beg of you,' I said again, and still the crazy whirl went on till my head reeled with it.

I was wondering what would be the result of an attempt to drag him from his seat, when the swarthy circle behind me opened again and Miss Rivers stood by my side.

'Cease!' she cried, and laid hold of his arm.

He just glanced at her and shook off her hand, and dashed into a shrill bagpipe reel, which got on one's nerves and filled one with a wild desire to kick.

'I beg of you,' she said, and he looked round again and dropped suddenly into a soft low rhythm like a mother singing to her child.

'On conditions, Ma'm'selle,' he said, with a smile.

'Only stop,' she said anxiously.

'Give me a kiss and I will stop,' he smiled.

She hesitated one second, and the blood filled her pale face. Then she reached up and offered it to him.

At that sight my blood boiled over. I struck at him and in a moment was jerked off my feet by many black hands on my collar. I struggled up among them and saw the rest.

He looked down at her for a moment with the intention in his eye, and she stood bravely offering his price.

Then he suddenly snapped his tune, and held her by the wrists.

The blood rushed into her face again as though to meet his insult. He looked down into her steady eyes, and bent suddenly, and kissed one of her hands with exceeding grace.

Then he released her, slammed down the cover over the keyboard, and shouted to those behind to stop their work.

One of the Turcos flung open the cover and began pressing the keys.

The other laid him flat with a sweep of the arm.

'Listen, my friends!' he said to the rest. 'Any man who touches that organ without my permission will pay the bill to me. You understand?'

They understood and growlingly melted away.

'I thank you!' said Miss Rivers.

He lifted his képi and strolled away.

'Who is he?' she asked of me.

'I have no idea.' Nor could I learn anything about him, except that he belonged to the Zouaves and fought like a devil and played like an angel.

Miss Rivers and I became very friendly in the few and short intervals of our exacting ministry. Bit by bit I heard about herself—her home and her father, who was Rector of Seabourne in Hampshire. Her only brother was also in the Church, and she herself had climbed the various steps in one of the great London hospitals from sheer pity for suffering humanity. And I told her the little there was to tell about myself. How I had practised the healing art from pure love of it for twenty years, though under no pressing necessity—from the financial point of view—to do so, and was now retired and devoted to study. And how, as the war laid bare the aching lack of system and the urgent need for assistance, I had come to offer my services to the country in which I had many friends.

We might, I think, have got still more friendly, in spite of my grizzled head and fifty years, but for her sudden urgent call home which separated us then and practically thenceforth.

She came to me one morning in great distress, with a telegram in her hand which had come via Bordeaux.

'I must go home, Dr. Bruce,' she said. 'My father is very ill. Can you help me?'

I helped her, though my heart was very sore at parting with her, and I did not see her again for over a year. The work became heavier and more disheartening after she left, and the great cathedral more like a charnel-house than ever.

A few days after she got safely away, Prince Frederick Charles crumpled up De Paladines at Beaun ela Rolande. There was very heavy fighting round the city, and within a week Orléans was again, and finally, in German occupation, and our cathedral was packed like a herring-barrel—all wounded now. The survivors had gone, some by way of Chevilly, and some by Huêtre, and some by Bucy—by any and every loophole of escape.

I was hurrying on my red round, leaving a trail of dismembered arms and legs and hastily bound wounds behind me, when I came on one whom I recognised, though he was in very different case from when I saw him last.

It was our wild organist, but now the wildness was gone out of him and he lay on the straw motionless, with his head swathed in bloody rags.

I knelt down to investigate. I had no reason to like the man, but he interested me, and he was broken.

He was unconscious and had lost much blood. He had half a dozen bad sabre cuts about the body and was a mass of bruises besides, but the chief damage was to the head. From the look of his injuries I judged he had been ridden down by a cavalry charge. The bruises came from iron hoofs. I had proof of it when I opened his tunic and shirt, for there on his chest was the clear stamp of a horse's foot. His head had had a terrible banging. The wonder was that he still lived.

I bound him up carefully and did what was possible for the battered head. His other wounds were curable. What might result from the capital injuries it was impossible yet to say, but I had my fears.

Curiously enough, the very next man to him bore very similar wounds. They had probably fought side by side, had fallen together, and been picked up and brought in in the same ambulance.

This one wore the Turco uniform, but his face was distinctly Egyptian, and of a high type. As he lay there, unconscious like his neighbour, he made me think of a bronze Sphinx.

His head too had suffered from the flailing of the iron hoofs,

and I could not help a certain professional curiosity as to the outcome of the two somewhat parallel cases.

It was over a week before either of the men regained consciousness, and before that time came I had been able, as the result of careful consideration of their wounds, to forecast the probable outcome in each case. But then the brain is so delicate a piece of mechanism that one can never be quite certain what may happen.

The Zouave's worst injuries were on either side of the forehead. He would have much to be thankful for if his eyesight was unimpaired.

The left side of the Turco's head had been crushed in. As far as one could judge, the third convolution on the left—Broca's convolution, as it is called—was involved. If the damage was as serious as it appeared to be, he would probably be mute for the rest of his life, as speechless as though his tongue and vocal chords had been removed. So omnipotent in the body corporate is the power of the brain.

Their other wounds and bruises were healing and reducing nicely by the time their heads were free of the ice-packs and they came slowly back to sentient life.

The Zouave employed his returning powers in voluble cursings of all and sundry, with special curdlers for the men who had ridden him down. He had a greater command of language than any man I ever heard, and he used it to the full. So much so that at last he became a source of disturbance to all within hearing, and as that comprised many dying men I took on myself to remonstrate with him.

'Come, come!' I said. 'All that does no good. Cursing won't dull the pain. Be a man and take it quietly.'

'Pain!' he shouted. 'Pain! —! —! —! —! —! who cries for pain? Do you understand that my eyes are going, man! Going, minute by minute. In two days I shall be in the dark for ever. I know it. I feel it inside. It gets darker and darker,' and he cursed all things in heaven and earth, in a way that set the men about him groaning and tossing in added discomfort and torment.

'Shut up!' I said brusquely, though indeed I felt for him keenly. 'Remember there are dying men around you. For once, think of others besides yourself.'

He cursed me, and he cursed them, and he cursed the day he was born, till he lay back at last, spent with his own vehemence, void even of curses.

He broke out again at times as the curtain gradually fell, for, as I had feared, the optic nerves on both sides had been lacerated and the optic discs were slowly atrophying.

At last he lay in utter darkness, and then he lay silent: a terrible relic of his fellows' handiwork—so splendid a piece of humanity, and all useless with the lights out.

And beside him lay the Turco, the bronze Sphinx, with white-rolling, amazed eyes at times, but for the most part gazing stonily into vacancy, and silent perforce. In his case also my fears were realised. He would never speak again, and he could not understand it.

That was the most dismal Christmas I ever spent. Peace and good will were sadly wanting on the earth. Such as we could give in our gloomy sanctuary we gave with all our hearts, but it was a sore sad time, and we were all heartily sick of it before the end came in February—the end of the war but not by any means the end of our labours.

I received one brief letter from Miss Rivers, telling me of her safe arrival home and of her father's death, and thanking me gratefully for all my kindness to her. Whether she ever guessed what was in my heart for her I never knew.

Our musical Zouave interested me greatly, but after that first furious outburst against the fate that had spared him life while robbing him of all active participation in it, he remained obdurately silent, which was at all events to the benefit of his fellows.

What, if any, processes of disintegration and amelioration might be going on behind that gloomy face, I could not tell, but often wondered. More than once I tried to draw him into talk, but never once succeeded. I have reason to believe that mentally he suffered much. His bodily wounds healed well and quickly, but they left him in perpetual darkness, and I could imagine that to such a one the darkness was full of horror.

From a cheerful little chasseur, who had lost his leg in the wood at Bucy, in the final stand there, I learned some few facts concerning 'Monsieur Devil,' as they called the Zouave.

It was one day when I was attending to the little chasseur's stump that the Zouave passed his pallet, guided by the Turco who had lost his voice. They made a strange pair. Stalwart men both, with strong, handsome faces, impassive as though carved in oak and bronze.

'Ah-ha!' said the little chasseur, looking after them. 'So M. Devil has lost his eyes. He will play no more pranks then.'

He will have much time to think, and parbleu! it will not be thinking of the pleasantest.'

'You know him?'

'Know him? I should say so, M'sieur. Sure everybody knows M. Devil.'

'What do you know of him?'

'Just what every one knows,' he said thoughtfully, as though surprised, when he came to think of it, how little that was. 'He is bon garçon in his way, but a perfect devil for humours—and as for play—they say he has flung away millions. I myself have heard him offer to wager his soul against a throw of the dice when he had nothing else left. But nobody wanted his soul, unless, maybe, his master down below, and he did not come in person to throw for it. Doubtless he knew it was his without the necessity of going to any trouble in the matter. They are wild boys, those Zouaves, but, mon Dieu! they were children in pinafores to M. Devil. He could drink all night and suffer no more than a cask, and it never affected his play. But he had no luck all the same. He was not lucky born, ma foi! and now he has lost everything. Well,' he said philosophically, 'it will put an end to his gaming, anyway. I don't see how a blind man can play much, do you, M'sieur?'

'I should say not. Perhaps it is a blessing in disguise after all.'

'I doubt if he thinks so. . . . They say he's an Englishman,' he added, as I got up to go.

'He is no credit to us if he is,' I said, but the little one's words made me think much of the blind man. He had certainly shown no signs of being other than he seemed, and I had never dreamt he was a fellow-countryman. If he was I must do what I could to help him.

When I had completed my round I went out to the front to get a breath of air, for the flavour within was sickening, and there I found M. Devil and his attendant sunning themselves in the pale gleams which the one could not see and the other could not speak about. Under the impulse of what the little chasseur had said I spoke to the blind man.

'It is pleasant outside after the confinement indoors. It is gloomy in there at best.'

'Yes, it is gloomy,' he said impassively.

'Are we fellow-countrymen?' I asked in English.

'What the devil does that matter to you?' he snapped in French.

'Simply that I would be glad to offer you any assistance in my power.'

'It is not in your power,' and he turned gloomily away, and I stood and looked after him regretfully.

I went into Paris as soon as the gates were opened, but got out again before the holocaust. The rest of that year I spent in Germany and Scotland, and towards the close of it found myself in London.

As Christmas drew on, as I had no ties in the metropolis, and as one is never so lonely as when alone in a great city, a very natural tendency drew me towards Seabourne, the little south-coast town from which Miss Rivers had dated her letter.

Possibly she might still be there, I thought. If she was, I knew I was sure of a welcome. What might come of it I could not say, but the happiest thoughts in my heart played round the bright recollections I had of her.

The question whether she was still there was soon solved.

While I was ploughing along the beach against the wind, for a sight of the big waves thrashing over the old wooden pier before it got quite dark, I came across her and her brother bent on the same errand.

'Why, Dr. Bruce, is it possible?' and she met me with outstretched hands and a rosy glow in the face that had been so much in my thoughts. 'Whatever brought you to this desert place at this time of year?'

'Well,' I said, laughing with the realised joy of meeting her again, 'I had an idea that there might be flowers blooming down this way.'

'Oh, but this is not the time for flowers——' then I think she jumped to my meaning. She gave me one of her quick bright looks and added hurriedly, 'You should come to Seabourne in the spring.'

'Ah, I was in very much less pleasant places last spring, and the next was too long of coming. But, you see, my hope has not gone entirely unrewarded.'

'Charles,' she said to the tall young man with a look of her in his face, 'this is my good friend Dr. Bruce from Orléans——'

'We are old acquaintances, Dr. Bruce,' he said as he shook my hand with great heartiness. 'Pen has never ceased talking of all your kindness to her over there——'

'My kindness?' I said. 'Say, rather, hers to us all, my dear

sir. She did us all a world of good. The old cathedral was like a tomb after she left it.'

'I cannot forget it,' she said. 'It was very horrible—in some respects. How long do you remain in the desert, Doctor?'

'Over Christmas at all events. I came, partly, to escape from myself alone in town.'

'Then you will come and stop at the Rectory,' she said, 'and we will fight our battles, or mend our broken men, over again round the Christmas fires. We shall like it'—as I hesitated at so vast an expansion of my hopes. And she added quaintly, 'There is a brotherhood of much blood between us, you know, and no need for ceremony. Back me up, Charlie.'

'Why, it is settled,' said her brother jovially. 'Of course you will come, Doctor. We all do what Pen tells us. She rules Seabourne with a rod of iron. Never a soul or body here ever dreams of disputing her authority. Like the man of holy writ, she says, "Do this!" and we do it, and "Do that!" and we obey. Where are you stopping? and I'll send over for your things.'

And so it came that I was sitting at their table that evening like an old friend—nay, like one of themselves almost, and in very great contentment of soul.

Her brother had been acting curate for his father for some time before the old gentleman died, she told me, as we walked home, and had remained in charge of the parish ever since. The lord of the manor, in whose gift the living lay, had died about the same time as her father, and there had been some difficulty in finding the next heir. One of those sudden clearances which take place at times had thrown the title and estates to a distant branch of the old family, and the heir was not to be found when so unexpectedly wanted.

'However, they've found him at last, and he's coming into residence at the Hall this week, they say. I do hope he'll be nice, or Charlie and I may have to turn out when he comes in. The people all want us to stop. We've been here all our lives, you know. But it all depends on the new man, of course.'

I knew someone who would hail it as the crown of his life's hopes to provide her with a new home, if the chance offered, but I kept the knowledge to myself.

'Pen,' said her brother during dinner, 'don't forget your drill to-night. Do you sing, Dr. Bruce?'

'I used to. What can I help you in?'

'Pen is drilling our choir into some Christmas anthems and so on, or rather it's a case of drilling the things into them. If you can give her a hand she'll bless you.'

'I shall be delighted to help,' and I pictured to myself the inestimable pleasure of walking with her to and from the church. I hoped it was a good distance away. But it turned out to be only across a paddock and down a lane.

'Perhaps you play the organ, Doctor?' asked Miss Rivers hopefully. 'We have the poorest attempt at an organist at present. He's the son of the schoolmaster here. He does his best, but it is rather trying. You see things are unsettled at present. We don't know whether we are here for good, and it has rather tied our hands.'

'I'm afraid I can't help you there, Miss Rivers, unless the organ has a handle.'

'Old Tommy Sleath has attended to the handle for the last forty years, and he is persuaded that no one can do it like himself. I wouldn't interfere with Tommy for anything. Master Beit, the organist, tried to lay some of the defects of the music on Tommy's shoulders and Tommy has not forgotten it. He comments aloud on Master Beit's deficiencies. Last Sunday, when the tune was going worse than usual, he said out loud to Master Beit—"Try Old Hundred. Ye can play that, an' it's on'y wan ye can," and he and Master Beit had words about it afterwards.'

'You do not play yourself then, Miss Rivers?' I asked.

'So little that I do not care to display my deficiencies, and, besides, an organ is not a piano, you know. I sing a little, that is all. Are you coming down, Charles?'

'I will come round later,' said the Reverend Charles, with a smile. 'Master Beit and Tommy are quite enough for me on a Sunday. A little of them goes a long way. Dr. Bruce will see that no one kidnaps you *en route*.'

It was delightful of him. If he had fathomed all that was in my heart he could hardly have done more for me. I liked him at first sight, and the liking grew.

The performance at the church was all that Miss Rivers had described. The choir consisted of a number of apple-cheeked youngsters, mostly in blue jerseys and ample trousers, a few girls inclined to giggling on the slightest provocation, and three or four older folk as makeweights. They all had lusty voices and made up in zeal what they lacked in knowledge.

Master Beit was a nervous youth with a spotty face and a red

tie, and Tommy Sleath was a cross between a retired smuggler and a stage gravedigger, and evidently quite appreciative of his position as a character.

'Git up! Git up!' I heard him grunting, as Master Beit fell behind the singers. 'We're aye stumblin' after th' pack instead o' leadin' it. . . . Do ee git started ahead o' them, Mester Beit, an' mebbe we'll come in level. . . . Dang it! we're beatagin,' and soon.

I found it difficult to keep my face straight, and but for the severe glances Miss Rivers shot at me from time to time I must have broken out. She had to bite her own lips at times, I could see, whenever the tune gave her breathing space, and she was doubly severe with me in consequence.

They were torturing Mendelssohn's 'Herald Angels,' and the *mêlée* was at its height, when the latch behind us rattled and the door swung open. I supposed it was the Reverend Charles, and did not look round.

Then, by the unusual stir among the younger members of the choir, I saw that it was some visitor out of the common. The smaller boys stopped singing and gazed open-mouthed and goggle-eyed, and even showed incipient signs of flight. The girls stopped even their giggling, and gazed with scared faces. Miss Rivers and I turned to see what was coming.

Two men had entered the church, and their sudden appearance in the shadows under the gallery went far towards justifying the sensation they had created. For the one of them had a white face and all the rest of him was black, and the other, on whose arm he leaned, had a black face and all the rest of him was white, and he had a white turban on his head, which gave him a weird and ghostly look in the dim religious light of the oil lamps.

The white-faced man said a word to the other, and then they came up the aisle, and the choir scattered as they drew near.

The black man led the other straight to the organ, and with a brusque 'Allow me! You are murdering a beautiful tune,' the gentleman in black pushed Master Beit off his seat, and sat himself in his place.

He ran his hands gropingly over the stops and felt the keyboard for a moment, groped with his feet for the pedals, and then began to play, and played as it is not given to many men to play.

He played the beautiful anthem through with a grace and expression such as I doubt if the old organ had ever known before. Tommy Sleath managed to get through with it, and then came panting round to investigate the wonder.

'Well—I'm danged!' he said, as his eye fell on the amazing strangers. Then he wiped his open mouth with his arm and slowly retired.

'Now, all of you! From the beginning. Ready?'—and the dim church swelled with harmonies such as it had probably never heard since it was built.

The organist, with his head on one side, listened intently, and filled up the deficiencies here and there in the singing, and when we stood breathless with the magnitude of our performance, he said masterfully: 'Sopranos particularly good. Tenors weak. Altos fair. Basses not bad. Shall we try it once more? Tenors and altos, open your mouths and fill your lungs.'

I noticed his head inclined more constantly towards the sopranos, and knew that it was Miss Rivers's voice which attracted him.

'There is one specially good voice there,' he said when we had done, and he turned towards Miss Rivers. 'Whose is it?'

'Miss Rivers,' murmured the rest.

'Ah! Is Miss Rivers here? Pardon me, Miss Rivers, I did not know. May I introduce myself? I am Lord Kilcorran. You must excuse me not coming to you,' he said, sitting still on the box, but holding out his hand. 'I am blind, you see.'

Miss Rivers stepped up to him instantly, and took his hand.

'I am very glad to welcome you home, Lord Kilcorran,' she said. 'You have given us a great treat. Will you play for us on Sunday, so that the rest of the people may share our enjoyment?'

'With pleasure. Is your brother here? He is the rector, is he not?'

'My father was rector for thirty years. He died last December. My brother has been in charge since, but without appointment. I am expecting him here every minute, my lord.'

'Is there anything else you would like to try over?' he asked, 'and perhaps he will arrive before we have finished.' And at her suggestion—and once or twice, in the case of tunes he did not know, requiring Master Beit to play them through first, which was productive of tortured wincings on my lord's face—we sang through most of the pieces set down for the following Sunday.

I say we—but for myself I did not sing much, and he noticed it, and informed us that the basses had gone flat and weak.

For, as the full light fell upon his face—and small as the light was it was quite enough—it came upon me with a shock that I knew him, and another glance at his attendant placed it

beyond doubt. Lord Kilcorran was our musical Zouave, M. Devil of Orléans.

His face, clean shaven and white, was very different from the one I remembered so well. He was trimly groomed and handsomely, though quietly, dressed. His eyes had something of a vague, unseeing look in them, but otherwise looked like any one else's. As I gazed at him in great amazement, Master Beit produced a discord that jarred, and in the white temple nearest me an old wound burned suddenly red. Without a doubt it was the man himself, and the black man behind him was the Sphinx-like Turco whose voice had gone forfeit to the iron hoofs at the same time as the other's eyes.

And as I watched him and Penelope Rivers, a shadowy foreboding of what might come to pass fell upon me and darkened my soul.

The Reverend Charles came in presently, and the practice ended, as Lord Kilcorran and he shook hands and made one another's acquaintance.

'I have been giving your choir a lift, Mr. Rivers,' said Kilcorran. 'I happened to be passing and heard strange sounds, and came in to investigate. Ill-played music tortures me.'

'We are greatly indebted to your lordship. I was listening outside, and wondering at our unusual proficiency.'

'Lord Kilcorran has promised to play for us on Sunday, Charles,' said Miss Rivers.

'That is famous. You see, my lord, we are suffering an interregnum at present, and have not felt entitled to make any changes till it was ended.'

'Oh, we'll soon settle that. You wish to stop on, I suppose?'

'We would much like to, of course. You see, we have lived here all our lives.'

'We will consider it settled, Mr. Rivers. The place could not be in better hands, I am sure.'

'That is very good of you, my lord, and will remove a disturbing weight from my own and my sister's minds.'

I slipped quietly into the night, and made my way back to the rectory alone. I wanted to think over this most surprising thing all by myself, and I was an outsider in these other matters.

The others, when they came in presently, were very full of the newcomer.

'Why didn't you stop and be introduced to him, Doctor?' asked Miss Rivers. 'He seems a most interesting man.'

'He's a trump,' said the Reverend Charles, with a heartiness befitting the circumstances.

'Well, you see, you two had business of importance with him, and I had none,' I replied. 'But I'm glad he seems like turning out a decent fellow.'

'A very decent fellow indeed,' said the Reverend Charles, 'which is a great comfort and a mighty relief. It's good to be planted in the old home for good and all, Pen.'

'I wonder how he lost his sight,' said Miss Rivers. 'It is a terrible disability, but he seems to make light of it. And how exquisitely he plays! It gives a new pleasure to one's attempts at singing.' And so on. They were charmed with him, and I did not see that it was my place to interfere.

Should I go to Miss Rivers and say, 'My dear young lady, this gentleman in whom you are so interested, and whom you find so charming to-day, was, twelve months ago, one of the most notorious filibusters in the French Army'?

Might she not very well reply, 'He is clothed now and in his right mind'?

'I knew him as the foulest-mouthed of Zouaves, which is saying much.'

'I know him only as an English gentleman.'

'I was told that he was a gambler beyond reason; that he would, if the chance offered, play away his own soul.'

'I know him only as a player of exquisite music.'

'He tried to exact a kiss from your lips as the price of compliance with your reasonable request.'

'But he only kissed my hand and did what I wanted.'

'I knew him as Monsieur Devil.'

'I know him as Lord Kilcorran.'

No. I did not see myself in that rôle. And who was I to judge another? Judgment stones are for blameless throwers. The man had possibly sinned beyond most—he had suffered beyond most. Shall a man be judged by what he has been, or by what he is?

On Christmas Eve a groom came galloping across from the Hall with a note for the Reverend Charles, begging him and Miss Rivers to take pity on a poor blind man and come over and dine with him on Christmas Day.

Miss Rivers looked dubious.

'My dear young lady,' I said, 'I know you are thinking of

me. I should never forgive myself if I came between you and your duty. And in this matter your first duty is to your brother and the parish. You must cultivate the great man for their sakes.'

'Duty, like charity, begins at home, Doctor,' she said, very nicely as I thought, 'and hospitality takes precedence of self-interest.'

'If you don't go I shall pack up my traps and fly to the inn. I shall be much happier here than I would be at the Hall. Mrs. Blankrow'—the housekeeper—'will give me all I want to eat and drink, and I will browse among your brother's books with perfect enjoyment.'

And finally my arguments prevailed and she consented to go, though still showing compunction at leaving her guest alone.

I saw, you see, that if we all got together it was almost inevitable that much talk would carry us on to the rocks, and I, who was the only one who understood how the land lay, had made up my mind to keep out of it all.

But Providence ordered otherwise. They had not been gone half an hour, on the following evening, when the Hall dog-cart drove up with a letter, and it was to take back the answer. I was the answer.

Lord Kilcorran very politely expressed his regret at not having known of the presence of a guest at the Rectory or he would have included him in his previous invitation. He begged me now to join them and they would keep dinner waiting till I came.

There was no help for it, so I dressed quickly and was whirled away in the dog-cart, determined on the most discreet reticence.

I noticed, as his lordship welcomed me, that he had already acquired the habit of slightly inclining his head to the new speaker with an air of the keenest attention, as though to lose no possible clue to the manner of man he was meeting for the first time. He courteously repeated his apologies and we sat down to dinner.

Conversation thereat was mostly on local matters, to which he was, of course, an entire stranger, but with which he desired to become conversant as speedily as possible. We were waited on by solemn gentlemen in evening costume, but behind Kilcorran's chair stood his Turco attendant, whose place it evidently was to supply, as far as was possible, his master's loss of sight.

He was somewhat remiss in his duties that night, I fear, for he

barely took his eyes off me from the moment I sat down, and I was convinced that he knew me again.

After dinner we adjourned to a beautifully furnished music room, where were all manner of sweet-sounding instruments and a great wood fire.

'Miss Rivers will, I am sure, permit you two to smoke,' said Lord Kilcorran, 'and I will play some tunes for her while you are at it. I used to be a terrible smoker myself, but since I lost my eyes the taste has gone. I tried and tried, but it was no use. By degrees it went and left me that much the more desolate. Thank God, I can still play a little, and I find more and more enjoyment in it. Music runs in the family, you see—one of its few redeeming features.'

He made sure that Miss Rivers was comfortably settled in a big easy chair by the fireside, and went over to an organ, the bellows-handle of which the Turco was already holding, with his eyes fixed hypnotically on me, and began to play softly and dreamily till the room was filled with the very poetry of music.

His own enjoyment was evident, and ours was equally great. I could have sat there listening all night. When he stopped, and came and sat down among us, I felt a sense of loss.

It was Miss Rivers herself who rent the veil that enfolded us, by an innocent question about the Turco, who had been released from duty and had just left the room with a last glance at me.

'Is your black servant dumb, Lord Kilcorran?' she asked. 'I don't think I have ever seen him open his lips yet.'

'Yes, poor fellow. He lost his speech when I lost my sight, and by the same disaster,' said Kilcorran, without a moment's hesitation. 'It was in the former days before the flood. I had no slightest thought then of coming into the title. I was a ne'er-do-weel, Miss Rivers'—at the apparent unlikelihood of which she smiled—'and having nothing better to do I went across to help France in her misfortunes. She was on her knees, and one always sympathises with the under dog, you know. And, like the proverbial interferer in other men's quarrels, I came off badly. Badly, as it seemed to me,' he said thoughtfully. 'Not so badly, as I have come to understand. But there are things a man may only learn through the fire. Is not that so, Rector?'

'Assuredly,' said the Reverend Charles, looking full two inches bigger than before.

'And what a man learns through fire and bitterness he does

not readily forget. In the olden times they punished men by putting out their eyes. It seems to us sheer brutality, and I suppose their intention went no further than that. But when a man is plunged into everlasting darkness it is possible for him to find himself as he never would have done in the light. . . . It was at Bucy, just outside Orléans'—and Miss Rivers started with surprise— 'The Germans broke us up and hemmed us in against the wood. Then their cavalry rode over us. Do you know that a horse at full gallop is a very curious sight viewed from underneath? Something like the dragons of our childhood, uncouth but terrible. Their eyes are frightful, and their nostrils are flapping red, and their sides are mostly bleeding. For in the charge the big spurred boots grip unconsciously to give strength to the stroke. And the scoured hoofs rattle on your head like the stamps of a quartz mill.—Forgive me, Miss Rivers, I was forgetting! You see, that is practically the last sight I ever saw, and I see it still.

'Ahmed, the Turco, was fighting at my side and we went down together, we were picked up together, and we lay side by side in hospital. Both our heads had got damaged by the horses' hoofs. In my case it resulted in blindness. In his in loss of speech. He could neither read nor write then, and was cut off from his fellows even more absolutely than I was. We stuck together when we left the hospital, and wandered up to Paris, and there, by a miracle, the lawyers who were searching for me found me, and I have kept Ahmed by me ever since.'

'I was at Orléans also,' said Miss Rivers, 'and so was Dr. Bruce,' and I wondered if she was not beginning to have a glimmering suspicion of the truth.

'Really! How very odd!' said Kilcorran.

'We were serving the ambulance in the cathedral,' she said.

'That is where I lay as my eyes died out. This is more than strange. I do not remember ever——' then he broke off abruptly, and with a start of surprise as some thought came suddenly upon him.

It was to me, however, that he turned and asked,

'Have we, then, possibly met before, Dr. Bruce?'

'We have met, my lord. It was I tended you in hospital at Orléans. Your man Ahmed I think recognised me. I knew you both the moment I saw you in the church the other night.'

'Well, well!' he said quietly, and with no slightest appear-

ance of concern at finding himself so surprisingly well known. 'It is a strangely small world, this. I fear I was but a churlish patient. You must make allowances for the breaking of a man's life, Doctor.'

'Surely,' I said. 'It would be a sorrier world than it is if one did not make allowances. In face of so dire a catastrophe a man may be forgiven anything.'

'Ay, everything,' he said quietly. . . . 'I was broken utterly, so far as I knew. I had no outlook, mentally or bodily, least of all spiritually; nothing but an eternal black void in front; and behind—well, well!——' and he lapsed into silence, which was that black past's most fitting tombstone.

And presently he said, 'By the good mercy of God, whom I had flouted in every possible way, a new way was opened to me and the new way is not all dark——'

'Won't you play for us again, Lord Kilcorran?' asked Miss Rivers presently, and it was the right note.

'With pleasure,' he said, brightening at once, and groped to the piano and charmed us again with soulful melodies.

'Why did you not tell us you knew him, Doctor?' asked Miss Rivers, as we drove home in the Kilcorran family coach.

'To what end, my dear young lady?'

'Was he——?' she asked hesitatingly. 'Was he the man who played the organ that day?'

'He was. But he is a very different man now.'

She asked no more, and her thoughts occupied her till we reached home, and probably for some time after.

Lord Kilcorran came over next day and drank tea with us.

Before he left he asked me how long I was stopping.

'I came only for Christmas,' I said, 'and only because, to a lonely man, London is the loneliest place in the world at Christmas time.'

'You are not in practice then?'

'I retired from practice two years ago.'

'And how do you manage to occupy your time?'

'I am student still, there is still so much to be learned. And I am rapidly developing into a scribbler. It amuses me, and, what is still more surprising, it seems to amuse other people.'

'Well now, Dr. Bruce,' he said hopefully, 'you are a lonely man and I am a lonely man. Two lonely men would be company for one another. You could scribble at the Hall just as well as

anywhere else, and to me it would be a God-send to have a rational man to talk to occasionally. What do you say? Will you join me there for just as long as it suits you?’

And the upshot of it was that I did join him there, and I have been there ever since.

I did it with my eyes open to what might, and most likely would, come to pass. For pity is akin to love, and I had seen the pity in Penelope’s face that night when Kilcorran turned to her in the dim old church and said, ‘I am blind.’

How my star dimmed and set, as their love dawned and waxed and filled their whole heaven with its radiance, is not to be told here. Before it was perfected I had come to esteem Kilcorran for what he was, in spite of what he had been. He had passed through the fires and was cleansed. His breaking proved his making. His casting into darkness set his face towards the light. And when, in the fulness of time, he won her, he was as worthy of her as any man may be of one of God’s most perfect creatures.

That it did not cost me many a pang I may not say. But I do not think I ever showed it, and I grudge neither of them their prizes. For, beyond my whole heart’s love and devotion, I could have offered her little compared with what he could give her, and after all, twenty-five and thirty mate more fittingly than twenty-five and fifty.

Her children climb about my knee, and ride upon my shoulder, and call me Uncle Jack—sturdy rascals all, with keen, dark eyes and determined faces. And sometimes I like to think that if things had gone as I once hoped, they might have called me by a different name. But then, on the other hand, they might not, and it is better to be Uncle Jack to such a merry tribe than to be father to a phantom crew. We could not be better friends if my own blood ran in them, for that which set their father’s feet in the path that led him to his prize bars him to some extent from some of the collateral enjoyments thereof, and there I glean a harvest of great content, since the greater one was not to be mine.

JOHN OXENHAM.

THE GROUSE AND THE GUN-ROOM.

BY ALEXANDER INNES SHAND.

I HAVE indulged elsewhere in reminiscences of the old keeper who was the first of my masters in woodcraft and field sports. He was a safer guide in sylvan lore than in morals, for his practice was conformable to his erratic principles. By resisting temptation he laid up stores of merit and good works, on which he drew freely when opportunity offered. When the day's work was done he never scrupled to get drunk—there was little night poaching in those parts at that time—and the Sabbath for the most part was spent in bed, for his Saturday night was very different from that of Burns's pious cottager. Old Craigie was 'a character,' but, to put it vulgarly, he could not hold a candle to another ancient acquaintance; nor was he by any means such entertaining company. I am thinking now of the familiar of a certain gun-room, whose surname I suppress out of regard to the memory of the master who permitted him any amount of liberties. That Peter's shade would have haunted that room I firmly believe, but the old house has given place to a modern mansion, and in the romantic churchyard of one of the most picturesque of parishes Peter's humble headstone stands within a short fly-cast of the vault where the laird is sleeping with his forebears. Both were elderly men when I knew them first, and both seemed likely to live on indefinitely. They laughed at the weather; and in winter it was wild enough in those glens. Many a time had the laird lain out in his plaid when after deer; and as for Peter, he was much in the habit of turning night into day, and leaving the blankets when all decent folk were taking to them. His vagaries would never have been tolerated in a well-regulated establishment; but he had taken the measure of his master's foot, and master and man understood each other. The laird laid down the law and gave peremptory orders: Peter respectfully broke the one and deferentially disobeyed the other. The fact was that his master was proud of him, and was never happier than in his company. Indeed, he might have gone far to find a more capable or zealous keeper. Moreover, they had tastes in common, for

both were field naturalists, and Peter's long experience had developed an almost instinctive knowledge of the habits of all wild creatures. Half the pleasure of big-game shooting is the after-dinner talk, when companions who have been abroad on different beats meet to discuss their adventures over the camp-fire. Peter and the laird thoroughly understood that, and if there was nothing very exciting in the little incidents of the day, they could always fall back on romances of memory.

By night or day that gun-room was the most cheery apartment in a rather gloomy house. Of a bright autumn morning the low windows looked out on the sunny slope of lawn with an eastern exposure, where the tufts of heather in their purple bloom came up to the gravel path and the flower border. Banksia roses intertwining with ivy covered the white harled walls. On the grass half a dozen Scotch terriers were frolicking, with a deerhound or two, and maybe a superannuated setter or pointer released from confinement and a pensioner at large. From the kennels, half shrouded in a clump of ashes, came the yelping of impatient prisoners. When pipes were lit after a Highland breakfast the quicksilver began coursing through your veins, and after the saunter and the smoke the longing became irresistible to be up upon the moors or down on the river. But it was of an evening the gun-room was most enjoyable, and then Peter was in his glory. After dinner, when alone or with a friend he liked, the laird would invariably adjourn thither. The kettle was singing on the hob, over the blazing fire of peat, coal, and fir roots, and on the little table was the square crystal decanter, with a blend of many brands of the oldest whisky. Peter came as a matter of course, but always on special summons. The laird, who had subsided into the great cushioned chair, touched the bell: the butler waited respectfully for the invariable order to fetch Peter from the kitchen. Peter appeared, as if surprised at the honour, and looked round the familiar scene as if it were strange to him. There were the antlers and roebuck horns over sporting pictures: the stuffed birds and natural deformities above the gun-racks—the foxes, the badgers, the otters, and the monster *Salmo ferox*; and everything, to the deerskins that carpeted the floor, had its story. Peter stood at attention till told to mix for himself, and then he drew his special chair to the fire and set in solemnly for the cracks of the evening. A seasoned vessel, he never exceeded, but there was no stint to the spirits he mixed

so generously. As the tumblers mellowed him he grew more fluent, and doubtless imagination was warmed as well as memory. All his reserve had dropped, as if he had cast off a plaid when climbing a 'stae brae'; stiff in opinion, and often in the wrong, still he contradicted and argued with perfect propriety. Master and man were equally 'harbitrary,' and had they been social equals must have quarrelled and parted. But Peter knew when to pull up, and played the laird like a clean-run grilse with a trout-rod and single gut. The laird professed to take silence for assent, saying, 'Well, my good man, are you persuaded now?' knowing well that Peter's convictions were unshakeable. Setting regard and affection aside, the laird could never have spared him: he was the light of the long winter evenings; a privileged dependent, like the bard who charmed away the *ennui* of a truculent Welsh prince, or the sennachie who was the professional story-teller in the Highland hall. 'Do ye mind, sir,' was Peter's perpetual refrain if the laird did not always remember—'Do ye mind yon time ye made a clean miss o' the mickle hart at the back o' Cairnatoul?' 'Do ye mind the time yon salmon broke ye ayont the Brig o' Balloch, when I was aye crying to ye to haud back the rod and shorten line?' But there were happier reminiscences, which touched reverberating chords, and then the pair would go off at a hand gallop. Both were sportsmen to the backbone, but they loved to wander off the beaten tracks into bypaths and look out for picturesque episodes. Peter was as irregular on his beats as his dress was unconventional, even for a Highland keeper. Like writers of original genius, he could seldom stick to a plan: he was guided by sights and circumstances and the 'spoor' of any beasts he might come across.

I see him now, starting for a day's tramp, with precautions against the probability of being belated. There were beef and bread in the bottom of the game-bag, and his ally the butler had filled the big pewter flask with the best Glenlivet. A plaid was strapped across his slouching shoulders, for wading and exposure had told and the rheumatics began to worry him. His broad-skirted coat was honeycombed with pockets, and the amount of spoil he could stow away about his person was marvellous. Though his eyes went roaming everywhere, he had contracted a stoop, less from carrying a burden of game than from the habit of studying the ground for signs. As a rule, he detested company, and would never have an attendant gillie;

though he tolerated his master, and rather liked a biddable youth who would listen to his words of wisdom. Shod in heavy boots, he stepped with the velvety tread of a Red Indian, and with noses glued to his blood-stained gaiters his favourite dogs followed at heel. It was only human companionship he disliked, for he was always shadowed by that oddly matched pair. One was a gaunt, shaggy, otter-hound, the other a long, low, varmint terrier, who generally went limping on three legs, though he could put on pace on occasion. Both were veterans and scarred with wounds; both had faced death in innumerable forms, and both were death on all manner of vermin. Peter was gathered to his fathers about the time of the introduction of the breech-loader. His weapon was an indifferently balanced double-barrel, by a Perth maker, which had been altered from flint to percussion locks. Give him time and he made fair practice with it, though he would have cut a poor figure at driven partridges or rocketing pheasants. He never condescended to carry a loading-rod, and with the flexible ramrod, which had to be humoured, loading in heavy wet was a work of time. The only new-fangled devices he approved were Eley's waterproof caps—they sometimes failed him when he had taken an involuntary header into a moss-pot—and the wire cartridges in the left-hand barrel for the long shots at geese or duck, which were generally missed.

His passion was night wandering, and his master rather encouraged it, on the shallow pretext that he was looking after the poachers. Really, there was little trouble in that way, but the laird loved to listen to Peter romancing on his adventures. Once or twice, what with soft sawder and the irresistible bribe of cakes of sweet Cavendish from Cotton's, in Edinburgh, I had wheedled the old fellow into letting me accompany him, and an extraordinary favour it was. For his methods were those of the stealthy poacher, and his dogs had been broken to them. Well I remember those nights, with the lessons we learned from the book of wild Nature—the strange sights, the weird, unfamiliar sounds! The nights he chose were generally stormy with fair moonlight; but the weather is seldom settled in that region, and the moon might be wading in watery clouds, with the sough of a sighing wind that threatened to bring up a rain-burst. One night the silvery shine was suddenly eclipsed; half the heavens were being covered with what seemed the spreading

wings of a monstrous air-fowl in rapid flight. The old otter-hound gave a low, mournful growl; the limping terrier whimpered and tucked his tail between his legs; a raindrop or two, big as half-crowns, came plashing down. 'An ill night,' said Peter, 'and I never looked for it; but, God be praised, we're no that far from shelter, for the auld kirk is hard by.' And for that shelter we scuttled, Peter leading the way; across a fallow where we heard the whirr of partridges we could not see; in breathless haste up a broomy brae, where the lapwings were swooping and clamouring around us; then, without looking to unlatch the gate, we leaped the low wall of the graveyard, and made a rush for the roofless church just as the storm broke with vivid flashes of lightning and deafening peals of thunder. 'Just in time,' said Peter, 'and we're well out of it. I ken a bieldy bit where we'll be under cover,' and rushing across the kirk he made for a covered outhouse. 'Odd, we're in luck that they biggit the roof and the walls solid wi' the through stones of the graves; it was here they would keep watch in the lang syne 'gainst the resurrection-men, as they ca'd them, and they made mony a merry night of it.' In the damp and the darkness it did not promise to be cheerful now, but Peter predicted that the storm would pass, and set himself to be comfortable in the meantime. The lightning flashes flickered through the rifts of the rough door; as he struck a match to light his pipe, I could see we were in a low hovel about seven feet square, with something looking suspiciously like coffin-boards stacked in a corner. 'We might kindle a bit o' a blaze,' said Peter, 'but the wood's damp and sweir to burn, and the storm 'll go by.' It was better fun for him than for me. He took a long pull at the whisky flask; he let out his pipe and lit it again, and he made a Rembrandt-like picture as the flame flickered on his wrinkled face. He was in his element, as in his chair in the smoking-room, and he became loquacious.

'Odd, sir, I've had some queer experiences here. The kirk has an ill-name, and there are times when the wisest of us are fules, and when sounds ye should ken weel seem gey uncanny. They say that an auld drunken minister walks—and it's sure that he hanged himself in what they ca' delirium tremens on the ash tree ayont the gate—and there are folk that should ken better who believe it. I was lying here one night, in a blash o' could rain like this, between sleeping and waking, when I was roused wi' a

sobbin' and groaning as of spirits in torment ; and then came a slow tramp among the tombs, wi' a sair hoast from the very bowels that minded one of the groanings that canna' be uttered. Odd, I thought o' the auld minister—for naebody else would be abroad at sic an hour—or maybe Satan himsel' in bodily shape, ganging about like a roarin' lion. I had been shivering before, but now I sweated.'

'And what was it?' I asked ; and I own I was shuddering myself.

I could see the flare of Peter's pipe as he took a quiet draw at it, enjoying the sensation. 'Naething in the world but the hissing and woffin' o' a nestful of owls in the rotten rafters o' the bit steeple—ye would have thought I wouldna' hae been taken in by the yowling o' thae beasts—and the white Galloway from the Glebe Park that had broken loose, and died the next winter o' cough and spavin.'

Then, being in vein of narration, he told a thrilling tale of the resurrection-men, nor could time and place have been more appropriate. It was true, besides, and I found that it was common talk in the neighbourhood. The laird's father had died when the demand for bodies was great and the supply deficient. It was when Burke and Hare had made a trade of murder, and regular watch had been set upon city graveyards. Purveyors for the surgeons and wild medical students had taken to raiding upon lonely burying-places. When the laird died he was laid in the mausoleum of his fathers, a short stone-throw from where we were sitting. He was an attractive 'subject,' for he was of giant frame ; the doctors were mystified as to his disease ; the family influence had prevailed against a *post-mortem*. An excellent landlord, he was immensely popular, and his farmers and crofters had volunteered to guard the vault in turn. A week went by, and the vigilance relaxed ; as the old Scottish funeral feasts were the merriest of social meetings, so these ghostly vigils degenerated into carouses, for there were generous supplies of spirits from the house. One morning, at grey dawn, the revellers shook themselves, and stumbled out to go the rounds they had neglected. The lock of the mausoleum was forced, the vault had been opened, the lid of the strong oaken coffin had been sported, and the body was gone. The shock and surprise sobered the party. They tracked the sacrilegious ravishers over the sodden ground to the deserted kirk road, where there were signs of a horse's hoofs and

the wheels of a dogcart. At a shepherd's shealing at the crossing of two thoroughfares they were put on the right track, for the shepherd had been roused from his slumbers by the sound of wheels at that unholy hour. Maddened with rage and remorseful, they had rushed to the house and got out the defunct's light waggonette, with his fast-trotting garrons. To cut the story short, the body-snatchers had a long start, and the pursuers would never have caught them up. A mere accident saved the corpse from desecration and spared the feelings of his family. The burly form was seated in a dogcart between a couple of medical attendants. It was a heavy weight, and after dragging up the steep zigzags of the Cairnatoul, they stopped perforce at a solitary inn to breathe the wearied horse and give him a bucketful of meal and water. When the living men went in for some spirits as refreshment, the landlady stepped out to ask the gentleman in the cart whether he would not be tempted to join them in a tumbler of hot toddy. When she recognised the well-known face and form her screams might have awakened the dead. The body-snatchers made a bolt of it, and were never again heard of or traced.

The storm passed as Peter had foretold, and it was a cheery change from the gloom and the ghoulish stories to emerge into starlight and moonshine. All the night watchers and night walkers seemed to have been roused into life and action like ourselves. The bats, who hung up by their claws to the kirk rafters in the daytime, came flapping across our faces and swooping down to my white collar like gulls over a crippled comrade. Peter's old friends, the kirk owls, were vociferous; and then we came across their kinsfolk in the woods and coppices we threaded. It is strange, by the way, how bewildering in brilliant moonlight is the finding your way through a wood, even when you are fairly familiar with it and there is some sort of a path. The rifts in the branches, the falling shadows of the trunks and boughs, show a score of tracks instead of a single one, in confusion worse confounded. Repeatedly we heard the bark of the prowling dog-fox, but that is one of the most common of sounds. Sometimes it was answered by the yelping of a cottage cur or the shrill but deeper bark of some shepherd's collie. Once—it was not on that night, but another—I remember Peter laying a hand on my arm. We stood still and listened; then I heard a surly grunt, as of a pig or pigling. It was a mossy glade, honeycombed with rabbit

burrows and bestrewed with beech-nuts. Then emerged from the cover a family party, looking much what I should imagine a train of South American peccaries to be. An old dog-badger headed the procession, grunting stertorously and industriously grubbing, followed by his lady and her children. His abstraction was complete, when, of a sudden, he caught a whiff of our wind, sniffed, snorted, and would have scuttled; but Peter's gun was at his shoulder, and the grey patriarch rolled over to the shot. 'It's no often ye get siccan a fine chance at the brutes,' he remarked, 'and I dinna ken that they do that muckle mischief, but they've a keen nose for eggs in the nesting-time, and I wouldna' trust them among the young pairtricks or pheesants.' But Peter, like his grisly otter-hound, was death upon anything in fur, hair, or feathers that could possibly be classed as 'vermin.' It was idle arguing with him as to the comparative innocence of hedgehogs, or appealing to him on æsthetic principles as to the propriety of sparing vanishing hawks. He would have taken the meanest advantage of a gorged eagle, or stalked the last peregrine in the district, had there been a possibility of catching the peregrine napping.

As an enthusiastic salmon and trout fisher, if there was one beast he detested, it was the otter. There he had certainly some reason, for the otter can work the best water in all weathers, and kills far more fish than he or his hungry youngsters can consume. The aggravating gourmet will leave an eight-pound grilse, having only taken a single slice out of the shoulder. The otter is one of the most subtle of animals; but Peter had studied his habits, and was thoroughly versed in his ways. He knew that when he went hunting down stream there was no tackling him. But coming up again he leaves the water at the shallow rushes or the low waterfalls, and there Peter lay in ambush or set his traps. I am told it is a well-authenticated fact that since Peter's demise the otters have been multiplying. As for the badgers, there, as elsewhere, they are certainly far less common than formerly; it seems likely, indeed, that in the next generation the badger will be as rare as the wild cat was in the last. Peter had once a worse 'fleg' with the otters than with the ghosts in the kirkyard. It was a story he never would tell himself, but the laird would never let him hear the last of it. When out rabbit-shooting one day, they were walking up some rough tussocks of grass in a wood that skirted 'a mere bit of a burn.' The swampy covert was drained by a deep ditch leading to the brook. Peter,

always excitable, did retrieve after a rabbit, hard hit behind, which dragged itself to the ditch and toppled over. His foot slipped, and he tumbled in after the rabbit. The yell he gave brought a rush to the rescue; for he had literally landed face to face with a lurking otter, and the beard of the man brushed the whiskers of the beast. But the otter was the more scared of the two, which is saying a good deal.

A zealous naturalist, he gave no law to any rare visitors in feathers. He prided himself on having bagged the first capercaillie that strayed into his domains from Lord Breadalbane's woods at Taymouth. And he was greatly puzzled over his prize when he shot a golden oriole. He carried it to the gunmaker in Perth, a local authority on ornithology, with whom he was in constant consultation and conflict. He was a fair hand at stuffing himself; he could set up the head of a roe or a red deer satisfactorily, but he fell short in *technique* and in giving expression to his ideals. It was an abiding sorrow, when he looked round the specimens in the gun-room, that the Perth man had inadequately interpreted his inspirations, and he was a grimly satirical critic of attitudes and groups. All the same, each glass case had its story; and there, as at the 'keeper's tree' by his cottage gable, where air-pirates and land-thieves were gibbeted by the dozen, he revelled in the romance of adventure and recollections.

Peter, though domesticated on the Highland borders, was Lowland-born. The genuine Highland keepers, guardians of the rugged deer-forests and solitary wastes, were of a different stamp. They were generally reserved and seldom garrulous. Though they might speak the Saxon fluently enough, it was a foreign tongue; they thought in the Gaelic, and lisped with a Gaelic accent, of which they were really proud but shyly self-conscious. Some of them had got used to self-communion in solitude, with a habit of thinking aloud, which they could not repress. There was Black John, who had found a landward berth in a wild forest on the marches of Ross and Sutherland, though he had been bred a fisherman in the Long Island, and had always a craving for the sea. He had come originally, as many of the gillies, from the herring fishery to take service on the hill for a single season, but, unlike most of his *confrères*, he became a fixture, though always protesting he intended to flit. The fact was, he had poached as a lad in Harris, and the sporting virus

had got into his blood. His employer, one of the most famous stalkers in Scotland, soon learned his worth, for he had the eye of a falcon, the flair of a bloodhound, an instinctive knowledge of the wiles and strategy of the deer, and the weather knowledge of an old black-faced ram or a venerable cock grouse. He was a far safer guide than the glass as to what the next day was likely to be. There that prescience was of great importance, for that forest was relatively but a long slip between two far more extensive territories. Dogs were never used, partly because the sportsmen were deadly shots, but chiefly because they could not afford to scare the deer. For the forest was full of rich feeding in sheltered corries, and many a herd would come over of a night from the neighbours, to fill their bellies, and go back at break of day. So 'watching the passes' to intercept them was a common practice and fair. Well I remember the rather restless nights when you were roused in black darkness from broken sleep by John throwing up handfuls of gravel at the windows. The dressing was quick, and there was slight thought of washing. The most agreeable moment was when you fortified for the start with a stiff tumbler of rum and reaming milk. You emerged from the door when some faint streaks of grey were fitfully thinning the darkness eastward. There was John's stalwart figure looming large, with a rifle under either arm and a lantern in his hand. He led down the steep brae to the stream at the bottom, where he strode across with firm footing from slippery stepping-stone to stepping-stone, sometimes turning to hold the lantern on high. There were other streams, though happily less of rivers, which we had to wade as best we might. But the dawn was gradually brightening, the lantern was left behind, and when we had scaled the last stiff ridge, and were ensconcing ourselves in ambush, the stony peaks which turned to the seaward were flashing in glowing radiance to the reflection of the rising sun. In ambushing John was a master of strategy—forecasting the line of the deer, throwing a feather in the air, or wetting his finger in a calm, to settle on the set of the air or the drift of the breeze through the rifts and corries. It was rather poaching work, and often sadly chilly to boot, but there were moments of intense excitement. When John, lying at your back, laid a finger on the shoulder; when you listened with all ears and could hear nothing; when you caught the faint scrape of a hoof on the stones; when the leisurely and halting tread was slowly coming up the pass; when the spectre-

like train was going by in shadow, with a watchful hind heading the slow procession of hinds and young stags, with a master hart, with brow, brae, and true antlers, bringing up the rear—it did not need a second twitch at the jacket from John to tell you to hold hard and wait for the monarch. But what a time of agitating sensation it was while you waited, fearing that some twist of the capricious air might betray you, and that the chance you were confidently expecting might be missed! And just when your hand should have the tension of strung wire your heart was beating double-quick and your pulses were throbbing. But then came the triumph and the intense relief when you heard the thud of the bullet, and felt you had been holding straight for the shoulder. Perhaps the stag dropped in his tracks; perhaps you had hit him behind and a trifle too low, when, after a stumble, he picked himself up and galloped forward. And perhaps that latter case was the more exciting, for, with some faint element of doubt, there was really assurance in the swift pursuit and hurried search among the rocks and the hollows. For a deer will go freely for a few hundred yards, even when hit low in the heart, and John's reassuring voice was in your ears. On such occasions, when a great stag had been gralloched and admired, and laid out in readiness for the pony in waiting, with a white handkerchief tied to the horns to scare ravens and hooded crows, John might become expansive. Keeping house alone through the winter in the solitary lodge, he was given to brooding, but he had the rude piety of the fervid Celtic temperament, and his mind was a dark treasure-house of legend and superstition. A Catholic by creed, he was something of a pagan. Professing absolute incredulity, he would tell weird tales of strange monsters said to haunt the depths of bottomless lochs, of witches—probably wild geese—flitting overhead with mournful cries on the wings of the storm, and of the corpses of notorious evil livers which had played blood-curdling cantrips when the door of the death-chamber had been left ajar and the indispensable precautions against the powers of hell had been neglected.

When he had wound himself up, the best way to keep him going was a frequent proffer of the whisky flask. John was a hard drinker, but he could carry any quantity of liquor discreetly, and, as his bosom friend Donald enviously remarked, was never a hair the worse. John was a confirmed misogynist; he delighted in a dance, as in a drink, but it was he who emphatically expressed

the opinion that it was the women 'who aye spiled a ball.' John sulked and smoked over the peat fire through the winter. Donald, who lived with his wife in a snug cottage on the high-road, was sadly neglectful of his domestic duties. Of a winter evening, and too often in the summer, he was to be found either at the old toll-bar, a regular gossip shop, where he kept company with a convivial road-mender, or in the little inn, a couple of miles down the strath, a favourite stopping-place of drovers and pedlars. John would only expand on occasion, whereas Donald was always to be drawn. He came of a sporting race of lax principles and irregular habits. His father, who had been a keeper or henchman of the laird in the savage Toridon district, where bastions and buttresses of red granite break the Atlantic billows, could tell of the time when the property was bought on the advice of Sir Francis Mackenzie of Gairloch for something over 12,000*l*. It was considered at the time a very doubtful bargain, but Toridon was resold forty-two years afterwards for five times the price. Formerly it had been scarcely accessible, save by sea. The elder Ross had assisted at the making of a road which in 1840 opened up land connection. That audacious 'improvement' was far from welcome to men who eked out a precarious subsistence by poaching and smuggling. In those rocky wastes, rifted by winding sea creeks, the wild natives had always held their own against gauger, sheriff officer, and keeper. The king's warrant scarcely ran there. The illicit stills seldom cared to conceal their smoke, and the fiery spirit was pretty nearly free to all comers. Donald as a child had sat at the feet of a grandfather who had much to tell of that golden age. The son had been half-reclaimed and taken into the laird's service, but the patriarch had used to go out with the bands of free shots, who roamed the treeless 'forests' in such strength that neither gillie nor forester dared to meddle with them. They slept out in their plaids; they laid the shepherds under contribution, or bartered muirfowl and venison for meal and mutton.

It is likely enough that Donald embroidered romances which had lost nothing in the relation by his venerable progenitor, for certainly he was an inimitable *raconteur*, with the fire and flow of a Neapolitan *improvisatore*. Probably he was never exactly veracious when he recalled adventures of his own; at least he gave them an air of vivid realism as he struck the attitudes and re-enacted the scenes. How he had lost his bearings in the mists

and been half-smothered in blinding snow-drift, owing his life to the luck of hitting off some rill or torrent-bed which led him back to the lower ground, groping his way like blind Bartimæus. His grief when his favourite hound got 'rock-fast' on a dizzy ledge where there was no turning, and how, after being fruitlessly lowered over a beetling precipice, he had to leave his hapless comrade to its fate, while day after day in slow starvation the piteous appeals became fainter and fainter. That was a tragedy that brought the tears to his eyes. How he was nearly brought to death's door himself when a cairn of stone had come down in a landslip, and he lay for twenty-four hours with a broken ankle, hearing at last the shouts of a search party, but fearing that his own response was too feeble to attract their attention. Nor did it, for when in the depths of despair he had tasted the bitterness of death, it was a far-ranging collie that smelt him out, and raised a yowl of triumph, which was the sweetest music he ever heard.

I change the name of the dearest of my sylvan friends, because he is modest, and, as I am glad to say, is still living. Yet I know well there are many who will identify him; nor do I much care if they do, for all I can say is in his praise. McIntyre, though of Highland breed, had been caught young, and to all intents was a Lowlander. Over forty years ago he was given the place of head-keeper on two large Lowland estates lying within a few miles of each other. He succeeded a veteran pretty well worn out by long work and free drinking. When I saw him first, I remember how I was struck by the contrast—by his fine presence and grand air of simple dignity. Of magnificent physique, he stood well over six feet, and among his *aides* and the beaters at a battue he looked like a noble deerhound in the scratch pack of a mountain foxhunter. You knew he was your equal—or your superior—though he always kept his place; and soon he was the valued friend of the family. All dogs and boys took to him naturally. He had little trouble in breaking the dogs, for his methods were kindness and gentle firmness. Gentleness was the rule; so one stern word of command would check the wildest youngster in a mad burst, or bring the most refractory old rascal to heel. As for the boys, through successive generations they came to look up to him and love him as a father, and the most anxious mother knew she could safely trust him with their morals. The kennels and his cottage were a quarter of a mile

from the house, the path to them leading through the flower gardens and the little coppice with the Holy Well, where a brown-backed trout kept solitary state. If a boy was missing after breakfast, it was at the kennels he was sure to be found. Out of the shooting season, a long stroll through woods and fields with McIntyre was intoxicating joy. We ignored hunger and forgot early dinner. How we would follow at his heels, striving to imitate his silent tread, when the gun thrown across his left arm was ever ready for a snap shot. At the hawk, shooting off for its nest through the branches, dropped with a broken wing, showing fight on its back with beak and talons: at the swift stoop of the wary wood-pigeons, which had multiplied till they were more of a nuisance than the rooks and the hooded crows: at the stoat, which had glided into the crevice in the stone dyke, and was whistled out again, to fall a victim to fatal curiosity. Better still was the bird's-nesting on the fields and fallows, among the partridges or larks or lapwings, or the hunting up the teal or waterhen among the sedges, or the quest after the pheasant eggs in spinney or hedgerows, when the trouble was to outwit the watchful crows. McIntyre could tell one all about their habits, and there was seldom a migrant he could not recognise nor a note of a skulker he could not identify.

There must have been hereditary genius in the family, for two of his nephews, with a college education, are in a fair way of attaining professional eminence, though the spinster sister who kept house for him, and helped to look after the poultry, the beehives, and the flowers, was a simple soul of no pretensions. For himself, in the winter nights he was a great reader, delighting in books of sport and natural history, of travel and adventure. So he was full of information he never paraded, and had he been born in a different sphere would have shone as a conversationalist. For he had the saving sense of humour; and when he picked up a good story in the countryside, it never lost in the telling. Perhaps, as Scott confessed of himself, he sometimes gave it a cocked hat and a gold-headed stick.

His master had grown up with him, and they became close companions. Of the two, the keeper was scarcely the less welcome guest when they went the rounds of neighbouring houses in the shooting season. And when he had organised the autumn shooting parties at home, it was delightful to hear the cordial greetings of the gentlemen and to witness the warm grasp of the

hands. I fancy they tipped him generously in due course, but they must have felt a certain delicacy in doing it.

Few keepers have travelled at home more than McIntyre. He had begun by valeting his master on these shooting visits, and as the laird became more and more a martyr to gout McIntyre's attentions were more and more appreciated. Through restless nights his patience was unwearied; gradually he came to shadow the laird; he became familiar with Buxton and Bath, with Harrogate and Torquay. He knew West London well, and was always coming across acquaintances in Pall Mall or Piccadilly. When he came south, to be disappointed of the Coronation ceremonies, one of his northern acquaintances had secured him a costly seat in one of the most commanding situations. But before that he had sustained a grievous loss. In fullest mental power, and busied over county business, his master suddenly succumbed to an insidious brain attack. For many a week he lay between life and death; though the end was certain, it was deferred. McIntyre revolutionised all his habits. The man of the fields, who breathed freely only in the open air, shut himself up in the sick-chamber and became the assiduous nurse. He slept in the dressing-room, behind an open door, where the slightest sound would rouse him. Through the day he was always treading about on tiptoe or bending over the pillow; nor had he even the satisfaction of being recognised, for the patient was lying in the stupor of unconsciousness. When the end came it left McIntyre half broken-hearted. The watching and the worry had told, though an iron constitution fought hard against them. After that last visit to the south, oppressed by our brief spell of blazing heat, he fell ill himself, and passed many a weary week in hospital; though his attentions to the departed were gratefully repaid, and everything was done to minister to his comfort. He is back at his cottage again, and, though sorely shaken, knowing his pluck and his indomitable spirit, I have good hope that his days may be prolonged. But I hope he may never see this CORNHILL, for, unlike Richard Jefferies, who published a dying lament, he would prefer to pass in silent resignation, and, were it possible, might bear a grudge to the friend who praised him.

FERMENTS AND FERMENTATIONS.

NOTHING, perhaps, is quite so interesting to the chemist as that borderland which separates his science from the domains of the biologist, where he approaches, from afar, the biggest question of all, and asks himself: 'What is the connection between Life'—'the organism in action,' as Helmholtz defined it—'and the physical and chemical manifestations which are invariably found in its train?' How are the vital processes related to those physical and chemical phenomena which are their inseparable companions, which seem to be of their very essence, and yet are found so distinct, so indescribably different, the moment we bring them into comparison?

In the Middle Ages Paracelsus and the medical chemists sought to reach the answer to this question by various short cuts: by making hypotheses about the powers of the *Archæus*, the ruler of the stomach, who changes bread into blood, and separates the poisonous from the nutritive part of food. Later, their successors tried to win the secret by inventing 'vital forces,' which were supposed to exert power over matter by means of the chemical and physical forces, and yet to be able to control these forces, suspending and permitting their action at will. But now these royal roads have been abandoned as completely as are the teachings of the Alchemists about the virtues of the philosopher's stone; and to-day we attack the problem by the slower but surer methods of the experimental sciences.

Perhaps no part of the borderland alluded to above has yielded richer harvests than those we have reaped from the study of the ferments and fermentations. One has only to recall what Louis Pasteur and his colleagues have taught us about the nature of disease, what Lord Lister has done for surgery, or what is being done to-day in the direction of extirpating malaria to realise how splendid these harvests have been. It is not, however, on account of its practical importance that I have selected the subject of ferments for this article; but rather because its history indicates so well how we may approach, even if only from a great dis-

tance and in a tentative way, the important question which stands at the head of these pages.

But do not expect to find any definite answer to this question here. Between that question and the answer there is a great gulf fixed, and, as we shall see, we are, as yet, only gathering the materials for building a bridge. After all, however, is it not as interesting and instructive to watch the making of great girders in a factory as to look at the bridge builders putting them in their places afterwards? I think it is.

Although the surface phenomena of fermentation have been familiar for centuries upon centuries in the leavening of dough, the fermenting of the juice of the grape, the souring of wine when it is exposed to the air, and, again, in those processes of putrefaction and decay which remove from the surface of the earth the remains of all that has lived and is dead, preparing them to serve once more as the food of plants, and thus fitting them again to play their part in making the glory of the earth, yet the science of the ferments is of such recent growth that we may very well be said to owe it to the latter half of the last century. This, perhaps, was inevitable, for though the outside phenomena of fermentative change were so much in evidence, there were at least two great obstacles to prevent our ancestors from studying the ferments with such success as that which they attained, for example, in mathematics and astronomy.

Ferments and fermentations are, as we know now, intimately connected with the activities of the minute living cells which form the most important part of every organism. Hence, in the first place, a real start could hardly have been made before the microscope had been brought to a considerable degree of perfection, or whilst the value of that instrument was still very imperfectly appreciated.¹ Secondly, until comparatively modern times our predecessors were handicapped by their ideas about the origin of life; as will be recognised when I recall the fact that Aristotle taught 'that all dry bodies which become damp and all damp bodies which are dried engender animal life;' that Virgil believed that swarms of bees are generated in the corrupting entrails of bulls, and that, even as late as the seventeenth century, Van Helmont, one of the greatest of the medical chemists, was convinced that scorpions

¹ The achromatic microscope of Tully was only invented about 1824, and probably living members of the medical profession can still remember the time when it was difficult to find a good microscope in a London hospital.

can be produced in closed vessels from decaying vegetable matter, and that to produce a pot full of grown mice, male and female, it is only necessary to stuff a dirty shirt into the mouth of a vessel containing a little corn, when, after twenty-one days, the ferment proceeding from the dirty linen, modified by the odour of the corn, will transform the latter into mice, and asserted that he himself had witnessed the phenomenon.

In spite of these and other obstacles, however, the early workers had to a certain extent prepared the way. The writings of Robert Boyle, who declared that he who should fathom the nature of fermentation would understand many things; those of his friend Dr. Willis, the eminent Oxford physician, who laid the foundations of the first physico-chemical theory of fermentation, by suggesting that ferments were bodies possessing internal motions which they were able to transmit to fermentable matter, together with what we read in the books of other writers, make it plain that for many years the importance of the subject had been well understood. One peculiarity of the ferments especially had been recognised in the case of leaven, viz. that it is possible to ferment an almost unlimited quantity of dough by means of an extremely minute quantity of leaven. It had been noticed also that, just as the rising of dough depends on the presence of the leaven, so vinous fermentation is always associated with a deposit, yeast, which sometimes floats as a scum on the surface of the fermenting liquid, and at others is deposited beneath it. And, further, by the end of the seventeenth century, and perhaps earlier, the analogy which exists between putrefaction and the fermentation of sugar was pretty generally admitted. Thus by that time the term fermentation, which comes from *fervere* to boil, was no longer restricted, as it had been at first, to changes which are accompanied by marked effervescence.

To-day the list of known fermentations is vastly longer than it was a century ago. It includes, for example, the production of vinegar, or acetic acid, from wine; the changes by which cheese is prepared from milk; the action of the ptyalin of the saliva when it converts the starch of our food into sugar, and that of the diastase of barley by which sugar is produced from starch during the germination of the grain, which we utilise in making malt. Other examples are to be found among the changes which occur in preparing many vegetable dyes, such as indigo; in the tanning of leather; in many of the processes of digestion; and, to turn from useful fermentations to those which are malign, in the processes in

which the deadly cadaveric alkaloids, the ptomaines, are generated in decaying animal matter, and in those which occur in the living tissues in many of the terrible diseases which afflict us. Though perhaps we do an injustice to the latter fermentations in terming them malign, since the primary function of some of these is the useful one of preventing dead matter from cumbering the earth's surface, by promoting its decay, and they become malignant only when by misfortune or by mismanagement we fail to restrict them to their proper sphere of action.

Ferments are bodies, like yeast, which are capable of producing a variety of chemical changes in various substances, and which present the peculiarity, that a very little of a ferment will go a very long way. A speck of yeast, for example, so small that it cannot be seen without the aid of a microscope may be so used that tons upon tons of dough may be leavened, or hogsheads upon hogsheads of brewers' wort converted into ale or beer, by its aid. Since fermentations sometimes, and indeed often, start spontaneously in organic matter when it is exposed to the atmosphere, we must believe that some ferments exist among the particles of dust that we see floating in the air when a beam of light is projected into a dark room.

Science, as most of us know, is agitated every now and then by great and animated controversies—by discussions which sometimes even become bitter, through excess of zeal. Such a discussion on the subject of fermentation took place in the second half of the last century, between Liebig, the great German chemist, and Louis Pasteur; the former supporting a chemical, or physico-chemical, theory, the latter doing battle for what is known as the vitalistic hypothesis which ascribes fermentations to the actions of certain minute living organisms. Liebig's hypothesis was founded on an earlier one derived from Berzelius and Mitscherlich, which, in its turn, owed something to Dr. Willis, of Oxford.

Long before Liebig's time it had been shown that the alcohol of beer and wine does not, as was supposed in the fifteenth century, exist ready made though hidden in brewer's wort or in the juice of the grape, but is formed during the fermentation. And by reasoning upon the results of analysing sugar and alcohol chemists had come to the conclusion that sugar, when fermented, is split up into two new substances, alcohol and carbonic acid gas, the same gas that is produced in combustion and by the respiration of animals.

The question, therefore, was: How does the yeast produce this effect? How does it bring about the decomposition of the sugar? Does it act by contact as Dr. Willis and others had suspected, in virtue, perhaps, of the motions of its particles, or is its power due, as Cagniard de Latour taught in 1837, to the vegetative processes of certain little globules, detected in yeast as long ago as 1680 but since forgotten, which De Latour and others had shown to be living organisms probably belonging to the vegetable kingdom?

Liebig supported the first of these contentions, though he greatly modified the original theory. He did not deny that yeast was necessary for alcoholic fermentation, or assert that fermentation could take place in its absence. But he considered it to be merely the source of a supply of putrefying nitrogenous matter. Where there is life, there is death also. Hence the presence of living yeast implied the presence of dead yeast, and it was in this dead yeast that Liebig found the source of its fermentative power. It is the universal experience that all organised bodies vanish after death. The remains of animals disappear quickly, those of vegetables less quickly, provided in both cases that air and moisture are supplied to them at the earlier stages. Liebig's theory of fermentation was founded on this. 'It is obvious,' said he, 'that by the contact of these organic compounds with the oxygen of the air, a process begins, in the course of which their constituents suffer a total change in their properties. This change is the result of a change in their composition. Before contact with oxygen, their constituents are arranged together without action on each other. By the oxygen the state of rest or equilibrium of the attractions which keeps the elements together has been disturbed in a particle of the substance, and, as a consequence of this disturbance, a separation or new arrangement of the elements has been brought about.' 'The continuance of these processes even when the oxygen, the original exciting cause of them, no longer acts shows most clearly that the state of decomposition which has been produced among the elements of a particle of the mass exerted an influence on the other particles which have not been in contact with the oxygen of the air; for not only the first particles, but by degrees all the rest undergo the same change.' According to Liebig, not only the yeast of the brewer's vat, but all putrescible nitrogenous matters when putrefying can transmit to fermentable bodies the state of decomposition in which they themselves are. The vibration which has been com-

municated to their constituent particles by the disturbance of their equilibrium can be imparted afterwards to the particles of other substances which may come into contact with them. Thus putrescible matter alone, according to Liebig, could act as a ferment. And he considered the yeast was useful because it afforded the necessary supply of putrescible matter.

For a time Liebig carried opinion with him, and it was held widely that the activity of yeast was due not to its life processes, but to its tendency to die and undergo change in contact with oxygen, and so the vitalistic hypothesis made no progress. But no authority, however great, can prevent the truth from shining out in the end when once the facts are fully known, and since the publication of Pasteur's researches on fermentation, and on the allied subject of 'spontaneous generation,' the latter theory has formed the nucleus about which all research and speculation on the subject of the ferments has centred.

Pasteur, as I have said, was the great champion of the vitalistic hypothesis. According to him, it has to be admitted that the yeast plant assimilates part of the material presented to it, using this for its growth and to produce new individuals, and converts the rest into alcohol and carbonic acid gas. He did not consider these latter substances to be the resultants of a mere contact between the yeast cells and the sugar, but thought they were manufactured as it were by the yeast in the course of its vital processes, much as carbonic acid gas is produced by animals. Thus, to put it familiarly, we may say that, according to Pasteur, fermenting organisms eat fermentable matter, but that instead of assimilating the whole, or nearly the whole, of what they consume, as the higher animals are accustomed to do, they decompose the greater part into the characteristic products of the fermentation. In the case of alcoholic fermentation these products are alcohol, carbonic acid gas, and one or two other substances which are produced in much smaller quantities. This statement does not convey the whole of Pasteur's hypothesis; many important details are, from necessity, omitted. I must add that his opinions were not consistent in all respects with the more recent ideas of those who regard the sugar simply as the food, or rather as a part of the food, of the yeast.

It would be impossible to give a full account of the experiments by which Pasteur established the connection between the organised ferment, the yeast, and the fermented substance, the

sugar, but I may give some illustrations of the evidence he brought forward. He succeeded in showing, first, that it was possible to produce alcoholic fermentation in a solution of pure sugar containing small quantities of a few mineral salts, by sowing in it a mere trace of yeast; such a quantity as will adhere to the end of a needle being quite sufficient to ferment a large volume of the liquid, because the yeast multiplies in this mixture of chemical substances just as it does in the more complex mixtures used in making wine, beer, and other alcoholic liquids. It is true that this experiment is not final. It does not disprove Liebig's hypothesis. It affords no proof that dead matter does not accompany the original germs of yeast, and gives no evidence that yeast cells do not die in the course of the fermentation. Still, the fact that a saccharine solution ferments readily and freely under the circumstances described severely strains the doctrine that it is not the living cells but the dead and putrefying cells that produce the fermentation.

Secondly, Pasteur discovered that just as the production of alcohol is associated with the presence of yeast, so other fermentations are associated with other definite organisms—one organism producing lactic acid, another the butyric acid of butter, a third the acetic acid of vinegar, and so on, when each is provided with its proper nourishing material: a fact which had not previously been recognised, and which does not square at all well with the idea that the common cause of all these varied yet well-defined phenomena lies in the mere dead matter which may be supposed to accompany that which is alive.

Thirdly, Pasteur showed that those fermentations which can be brought about by contact with air are prevented entirely, if the air be efficiently filtered, and if all living particles in the fermentable liquid be destroyed by the application of heat before the filtered air comes into contact with it. This discovery was made in the course of his investigations into the question of 'spontaneous generation,' a matter which has been settled only in comparatively modern times, and to the study of which Pasteur was driven, as it were, by the opinions he formed in the course of his researches on the fermentations.

These last results seemed conclusive. No one could doubt any longer the general nature of the connection between the organism and the fermentations. It was too much to ask us to believe that the latter depend on putrefactive changes,

produced under the influence of the oxygen of the air, in the remains of dead organisms, after it had been shown that killing the organisms stopped the fermentations, even in vessels exposed freely to filtered air, but that nevertheless fermentation could be restarted by introducing living organisms into the fermentable solution. Pasteur's evidence was so convincing, his victory so complete, that at the last even Liebig admitted the existence of a direct connection between the living organisms and the fermentations, though he suggested that the power of the former depended on vibrations among the molecules of the ferments.

But no victory is ever final. Even when Pasteur was establishing the vitalistic hypothesis firmly in its place, facts were already known which could not be accounted for by that hypothesis, and others soon revealed themselves; and so it has come about that now, when Pasteur's labours have come to an end and he himself has joined the immortals, science is still seeking to penetrate the mystery of the ferments; whilst the turn things have taken would certainly delight his great antagonist if he could come back to us for a little. For though the vitalistic theory is still supreme, it affords, in its most recent form, ample scope for those chemical and physico-chemical speculations in which Liebig so delighted and excelled.

The fact is that great theories based on intelligent observation seldom are wholly wrong, or, even in the most restricted sense, that is, in relation to the actual established facts, wholly right. The phenomena studied by Pasteur and his colleagues did not sufficiently cover the whole field of knowledge on the subject, and therefore, whilst his conclusions lead us to truth, they do not give us the whole truth. Splendid as his achievement was, it carries us only one step onward. It leaves us, in fact, still face to face with a question:—These organisms which produce the various fermentations—How do they act? Are the substances produced under their influence the outcome of the processes of nutrition of the organisms, or are they brought into existence in some way by 'contact actions,' whatever that may mean? How, in short, do the organisms do their work?

Nearly a century ago there was discovered in barley a substance which can cause a solution of starch to undergo a kind of fermentation, producing from it a sugar; and long before the time of Pasteur this active substance had been isolated, in an impure state, and named diastase. Not very much later a similar sub-

stance, animal diastase or ptyalin, was extracted from the saliva, and another ferment, pepsin, which decomposes albuminous substances, such as white of egg, was recognised in the gastric juices, whilst Liebig himself discovered a substance, called emulsin, which is capable of splitting up the active principle of the bitter almond, amygdalin, into sugar, essence of almonds, and a poison, prussic acid, which has occasionally been left in the essence with most disastrous consequences. Now, these substances, this diastase, this ptyalin, pepsin, emulsin, these and many others like them, present the essential characters of ferments. That is to say, each of them induces changes in certain other substances, and the effect produced is, chemically speaking, out of all proportion to the amount of matter required to produce it, a single grain of the ferment invertase having been known, for example, to transform 100,000 grains of cane sugar into the substance called invert sugar and to remain almost as active afterwards as it was before the experiment was made. But none of these substances shows any signs of being an organised body like yeast, *not one of them is capable of reproduction*. Thus the vitalistic hypothesis in its earlier form was insufficient. It took no count of the unorganised ferments.

Now, it has been observed that the unorganised ferments or enzymes are derived in every case, if not from fermentative organisms, at any rate, from living cells, such as those which compose the ferments of Pasteur. Hence the question arises, may it not be that organised ferments like yeast secrete enzymes, and that these latter are the direct and immediate causes of fermentation?

This idea, again, is not a very new one. It was put forward first by Moritz Traube in 1858, when Pasteur had only just begun his famous researches, but at first it seemed open to some objections. At that time no enzyme which was able to produce fermentation in the absence of the cells from which it sprang had been separated from any of the organised ferments, and thus Traube's ideas did not at once win general acceptance. But they had the great merit of bringing the two classes of ferments into correspondence, and they seemed to give a hint about the nature of some of the processes which go on in the living cells of organised structures, and hence they were not allowed to fall into oblivion. Later, as it became clear that the vitalistic theory in its earlier forms was unable to embrace all the facts, it began to be admitted more widely that, after all, fermentations might

not result from the direct actions of the organisms, but might be due to enzymes generated by them, and that these might either act inside the generating cells, or might escape from these cells and do their work outside them, as in the case of the ptyalin of the saliva. For a time, however, it seemed necessary, even if Traube's hypothesis were accepted, to suppose that in some cases the action is of another kind, because it was found impossible to isolate the enzymes corresponding to some important fermentations, including the most interesting one of all, viz. zymase, the enzyme of yeast. But not very long ago (1896) Dr. Buchner succeeded in extracting from yeast this long-sought enzyme, and showed that it excites alcoholic fermentation in solutions of sugar as yeast itself does. This discovery, and others which support it, have greatly strengthened the position of this latest hypothesis, which now seems to cover the known facts and appears likely to be generally adopted, if indeed this is not already the case.

But still, it will be noticed, we do not say how the enzymes act. We seem to have tracked fermentations to their source, first in the organisms, and then in the enzymes secreted by the organisms, only to find that the secret still evades us. What we have learnt leaves us asking, How do the enzymes cause fermentation? What is the quality which enables them to determine changes in relatively large masses of matter, and yet themselves to remain almost unaffected at the end?

If we attempt to find a solution of our problem in this new form by comparing the phenomena of fermentation with the more familiar cases of chemical action, we find at once that the former in no way resemble such changes as combination or decomposition. For in these the acting substances disappear in quantities bearing constant relations to those of the substances produced from them. On the other hand, we do meet with chemical phenomena which resemble those brought about by the enzymes in a most striking manner. Thus we know that many substances will not interact chemically when they are perfectly dry. To enable sulphur or carbon to burn in oxygen, for example, a trace of moisture must be present; dry chlorine does not attack dry sodium; and again, dry ammonia does not combine with dry hydrochloric acid, nor will heat decompose the salt they form, chloride of ammonium, in the absence of moisture, though in every case only a trace of water need be present. And plenty of other facts of a similar kind might be quoted were it necessary to do so.

Now, changes of this kind have been called 'contact actions' or 'catalytic actions,' and they resemble the changes brought about by the enzymes in one notable respect, viz. that the quantity of the 'catalyst' may be small, and sometimes exceedingly small, relatively to that of the substances in which it induces change. Hence it seems that the actions of the enzymes may be classed with the 'contact actions' of chemistry; especially in view of the fact that the effects produced by some important enzymes, such, for example, as the transforming of starch into sugar, can be brought about also by means of purely inorganic substance, as, in the case quoted, by dilute sulphuric acid.

It is clear, then, that the actions of the enzymes may be labelled 'contact actions.' But, alas, this does not carry us far, and there is nothing quite so dangerous in science as a label if it is wrong, or means nothing. Did not Liebig miss the discovery of iodine through labelling it chloride of bromine, and forthwith putting it away in his store room? And unfortunately in the case before us we really do not know what our label means. We do not understand the 'contact actions' of inorganic chemistry; we cannot say why many chemical changes refuse to take place in the absence of water, or why dilute sulphuric acid generates sugar from starch in an aqueous solution. We know that water is taken up in this change, both when it is induced by dilute acid, and when it is brought about by the presence of the ptyalin of the saliva. But we do not know what part is played by the former substance whose composition we do know, and still less do we understand the action of the latter whose composition we do not know. All that we can conclude from the facts before us is this: that possibly the action of the enzymes is a chemical action, and akin to that of the catalysts of the chemist.

One more interesting fact has been discovered about the enzymes. From our studies of chemical change we know that if a solution of a compound of an element A with another element B acts upon a solution of a compound of C with D, so as to form new compounds containing A and D on the one hand and C and B on the other, then this change will not complete itself, that is to say the compounds AB and CD will not be converted completely into AD and CB, but some of AB and CD will remain unchanged, unless either AD or CB is thrown out of the sphere of action by reason of its falling as an insoluble precipitate or escaping as a gas as quickly as it is formed. Therefore, if the enzymes act chemically, we might expect them

to be incapable of bringing about complete changes in certain cases:—to be incapable, let us say, of completely transforming the starch in a given solution of starch into sugar, since sugar is a soluble solid and therefore would neither be removed by precipitation nor escape from the solution as a gas, but would remain dissolved in the water. Now this is exactly what sometimes happens; diastase, for example, cannot completely convert the starch in a solution into sugar unless the sugar be removed mechanically as it is formed.

Again, a ferment which can bring about one of these reversible changes might be expected, from experience of a purely chemical kind, to be able to induce the reversal of that change, and we have some reason to think that this also is the case. But this again, if finally established, would only show that the actions provoked by the enzymes obey the same laws as similar actions which fall definitely into the domain of chemistry. It would not tell us how the enzymes act, or whether they are themselves in any way modified by the results of their actions, and if not why not.

But though the mode of action of the enzymes thus remains hidden for the present great progress has been made. Pasteur and his successors have traced fermentation to its source. They find this source in living cells or in special forms of matter elaborated by living cells. At first fermentative power was recognised as pertaining only to the lower forms of life—to yeast, to the vinegar plant, to the organisms which produce decay, and so on. But the discovery of the enzymes, and especially the fact that these are not secreted by the lower organisms alone, but, as in the case of *ptyalin* and of *emulsin*, also by the cells of the most highly organised animals and plants, makes it evident that what we call fermentative changes are not special phenomena which are peculiar to this or that group of low organisms, produce this or that useful product, or this or that deadly disease, but are manifestations of a general property possessed by living cells—that fermentative changes are the results of actions which go on, it may be, in every active cell in every living organism; in the cells of the simplest microscopic vegetable growth, and equally in those which compose the tissues of a Shakespeare or a Newton. And if this be so, have we not made a great stride forward and learnt something definite and important, if not about Life, 'the organism in action,' at any rate about the chemical phenomena which form part of the activities of the living cells of which every living being is composed?

W. A. SHENSTONE.

'IN LOCO PARENTIS.'

I.

THE British Empire is sometimes paternal, sometimes 'in loco parentis' as regards her own flesh and blood either at home or in far lands; her dealings, even when authoritative, are ever those of kinsfolk with kinsfolk; but in the government of subject-aliens she becomes perforce like the schoolmaster, that is to say like one who though 'in loco parentis' has yet to employ methods of discipline and administration other than those that prevail in the bosom of the family.

The British Empire is no Mrs. Squeers exacting large revenue from the subject-alien, and doling out brimstone and treacle in exchange. She is no old-fashioned dominie too fond of the rod. She resembles rather the mild enlightened up-to-date pedagogue applying to his pupils scholastic methods which are later approved, gentler, and more scientific.

Now it is the nature of all subject-aliens, though recognising their conquerors, still to claim a quantum of aboriginal rights and to protect themselves from disintegration by clinging fiercely to an indigenous code of manners, morals, customs, and prejudices generally. Just such is the schoolboy, whom the schoolmaster once essayed to govern by primitive methods. His own boyhood of course all forgot, the master tackled the subject 'boy' anew and from the outside. Encountering the traditional aboriginal code of schoolboy honour, he tried to judge it by his own adult standards. He saw sanction given to many petty tyrannies and minor cruelties and at the same time the purest altruism enforced, where such things as hampers were concerned, and he called this paradoxical. He saw honesty and upright dealing enjoined in most of the relations of life, but the clandestine use of a crib approved, and he condemned this as the purest casuistry. He found that boys among themselves were the frankest and most outspoken of mortals, but that in their dealings with their seniors they had more than the reserve of maidenhood, and he regarded this as mischievous affectation. So he birched and birched and was hissed for his pains. He exhorted and reasoned

and was laughed at up grubby sleeves. He put drastic measures into execution which were cunningly circumvented.

Then at last he realised that your subject-alien is impregnable to direct attack, and that a bulwark of impregnable prejudices protects him which can only be removed at the option of him whom it defends. So he let these defences alone and approached the alien by diplomatic methods. These consisted in a form of honourable bribery. By the bestowal and subsequent recognition of a special personal dignity he partially won over a few big boys to what, from his point of view, was the side of the angels. He called them 'monitors' or 'prefects,' bade them carry sticks and wear tail coats, delegated authority to them in certain minor matters, and invited them to his presence no longer as mere pupils, but as confidential advisers.

I say the big boys were only partially won over. They still reserve many rights pertaining to the old code. They will never be sneaks nor prigs; they will never throw off all their reserve; they will protect the right of the subject-alien in all essential matters. But they have gone out to meet their master half way, when he called upon them, so that they can no longer regard him as their natural enemy. Within certain defined limits they have made his rule possible, and they have given themselves as a medium through which he may exercise a cautious non-polemical influence upon the old traditional code.

Similarly there are masters in India who rule 'in loco parentis' over the subject-aliens there.

The story of their rule is the story of the schoolmaster repeated. They made the same mistakes. They found manners and customs prevailing which they could not comprehend, and tried drastic measures to eradicate them. They flogged like the dominie, and were locked up by naughty boys in black holes. They exhorted, and were secretly derided. They coerced, and were evaded or rebelled against. And now they adopt the monitorial system.

The monitorial system must not be confused with self-government. At first sight it seems to resemble the latter, but the powers and privileges conveyed by it are really in the main only honorary and so innocuous, while the privileges being honorary in the sense of tending to personal honour appeal direct to perhaps the strongest of the native instincts. For an enhanced social status bestowed for honour's sake and officially recognised is the

native's most potent ambition. He classes the boons thus aimed at under the comprehensive term 'izat,' using the same word also to express the attitude of mind and stamp of character most amenable to their influences.

The hold of 'izat' upon the higher native is thus great, and its effects are just those of the monitorial system in schools. For 'izat's' sake many scruples, but not all, are laid aside, some of the reserve which shields the East from the West is abandoned, and some irksome and strange western virtues are practised. All these effects, the great dividing barrier once passed, filter downwards. Though they become attenuated as they spread, yet under continual pressure from above they gently permeate the races, the castes, and the creeds.

Izat, thus understood, explains much. It explains why our relations with native gentlemen must needs be so pompous and so limited, and yet behind the pomp, and between the limits, why they can be so genuine. It explains away the native's apparent snobbishness, showing how his exceeding craving for distinctions, precedence, and titles is but an innocent off-product of a wise political system. It shows why the Indian Government, working along a slow safe channel of influence, can dare oftentimes to be lenient and can afford to be patient.

The system and its likeness to the better-known monitorial system may be recognised everywhere. The civilian district officer employs it, as he works through his Tehsildars, his Zaildars, and his Lambardars at the long task of gently modifying the indigenous code of morals and manners till it accords with universal principles. The likeness to the school is best shown by the native regiment with its colonel-headmaster, its officer-masters, and its native-officer-prefects, the latter making that typical compromise between the obligations of their special position and the tenets of that native traditional code which they share in common with the eight hundred odd subject-aliens among whom they still class themselves—a compromise which slowly, with the progress of the years, grows easier. And natives who serve Government in no regular official capacity may come directly under the spell of 'izat.'

It is within reach of many to receive official distinction for casual services faithfully rendered, and, with the objective before them of earning the title of an Indian order, or of attaining 'izat' in one form or another, many have grown honourable in thought,

word, and deed, and many more whom no western influence could make truly honourable by western standards, have yet become so for all immediate practical purposes—a result not altogether negligible.

'Izat' is thus the saving grace of India, saving her to the English, and saving her from herself, and maintaining her in peace and order, when governors-general and their establishments and their armies could of themselves effect little. In her purer forms Izat is the fairest of the Graces, and in her baser forms she has her uses.

II.

Horses and mules and other beasts are, in Northern India, largely fed on gram, and the price of gram had risen. It was September. Two months before, in the careless days which follow the gram harvest, the markets had been full of it and the military granaries of the Sirkar had been replenished with the new clean grain. These granaries were calculated on mobilisation to satisfy the appetites of so many war-horses, so many baggage-animals, and so many slaughter-sheep for so many months and days. But in early August a mad mullah beyond the frontier had aberrated from the path of international decorum, so that the granaries were now empty, and the gram, a daily diminishing quantity, packed in the prehistoric gunny-bag of the East, now strewed the fortified posts which at intervals marked the hilly track up which the mad mullah had been pursued, or lay on the backs of the convoy camels which slowly toiled up it.

And again in late September the same quantity of gram and more was wanted, not for leisurely storing in granaries but for immediate despatch to another line of frontier where another mad mullah had followed the former's suit. But the harvest days were over, the local resources were slender, the market evasive, and the grain merchants circumspect, while the single line of railway was so blocked with troop trains and other warlike traffic, that the grain-resources of other districts could not easily be tapped.

Thus Smith, the Supply and Transport Officer, on whom these difficulties devolved, tore his hair. He had called for sealed tenders for the supply of the much-desired article. When he opened them, the prices staggered him, being preposterous, unheard of, unthinkable, and far exceeding the current retail rates. There is a difference between a war fought with lakhs of rupees

and one fought with millions of pounds, which may make such considerations vital.

He next put the contract up to auction, with reserve. At his summons a dozen or so of his local contractors attended at his office for this purpose. They came and sat cross-legged on the floor, and according to custom in a Druid-like semi-circle facing him. The types of men and faces were varied. Mohamed Yusef Khan, the Afghan refugee, was there, fair-skinned, purple-eyed, and truculent; Sher Ali, the Pathan, wiry and cunning; Ghulam Habib, the Punjabi Mussalman, a devout man with ascetic features, but a cruel eye to business; Kan Singh, a trading Sikh, cautious in money matters as his race is brave in war; Lachman Das from Hindustan, a plump man of peace, and others.

In the Sahib's presence they became assimilated into one type, looking like a group of Eastern idols as they sat there cross-legged, silent, immovable, unimpressionable, unaffected by the passage of time. As such they were conscious of their power when dealing with a highly strung anxious officer in an odd half-hour stolen from work which was already in arrears.

A babu brought in the necessary documents, and stood by the Sahib. He would have acted as the latter's mouthpiece on ordinary occasions, the officer's presence and his signature on the documents being surety for the correctness of the proceedings. But the matter being vital, and inaction intolerable, Smith to-day played auctioneer himself. The faces of the contractors lit up with no smile at this conduct, which in their eyes was grotesque, but grew a shade more expressionless, such negative mode of expression having its own secret eloquence.

Smith called for a rate as an opening bid, and a figure somewhat higher than the lowest rate in the sealed tenders previously opened was named. This was absurd, and he told the bidder so, who replied nonchalantly that the Sahib was his father and mother, but tacitly declined further argument.

A long pause followed; the babu fidgeted on his feet, which the mosquitoes were biting. Smith grew impatient, and the contractors more patient than ever. Smith urged and exhorted and cajoled, and pointed to each in turn, seeking to elicit a lower rate. One man reduced the rate by a fraction of an anna per hundred pounds' weight. Smith informed him in cogent terms that this also was absurd. He replied that to think so was a befitting use of the Sahib's prerogatives, and then held his peace as the other had done.

A little more heroic patience on the Sahib's part, interspersed with some crude eloquence ; a little more placid meditation on the part of the contractors ; a few more mosquito bites on the babu's tender feet, and the last bid was rejected and the abortive auction was over.

The men rose deliberately, girt their loins, and salaamed, and were gone ; and the gram was further off than ever.

III.

Smith sat on alone in his office, his head in his hands, the punkah beating each dreary, wasted second, while these affairs of state, so prosaic in detail, so far-reaching in import, held all his energies in abeyance.

His bare-footed chaprasi entering found him thus.

'What is it?' Smith asked testily, lifting his head.

The chaprasi showed a slate on which the name of one Behari Lal, Contractor, was written as desiring an interview.

Smith was sick to death of contractors, but, being too weary to do otherwise than follow, like a spent bullet, the line of least resistance, out of sheer weakness admitted him.

Behari Lal entered with a deprecating salutation. He was an inferior-looking person, soft and greasy as a bazaar baniah, obsequious and fidgety in manner.

Smith roused himself to ask sharply what he wanted.

'Sahib,' said the other in the vernacular, with a forced conciliatory smile and a nervous rubbing of the hands, 'I have a request.'

'Out with it quick, then ; don't waste my time.'

After a little inevitable circumlocution Behari Lal explained that he desired to supply the much-needed gram at a moderate rate, and was, of course, asked by Smith why he had not come and offered his rate at the recent auction.

'I was delayed, Sahib,' he replied, 'by the affairs of my family ; but my rate will be fair. I am told that the lowest bid was over six rupees per hundred pounds' weight.'

'Yes,' Smith rejoined ; 'and the retail price nowadays in the bazaar is about two rupees eight annas. So now, quick ; out with it. What is your rate ?'

'Sahib, there is great risk of loss to me, for it is difficult in these days to buy gram in large quantities ; but yet I will buy it

and give it to the Sirkar for three rupees two annas per hundred pounds.'

'What! Will you?' asked Smith sharply, scrutinising him. 'You mean this, do you? Very well. The tender form is all ready to be signed. Here it is.'

But while he handled the tender form, Smith, feeling puzzled, asked how the other was going to ensure the supply, it being apparent that the local stock of gram was in the hands of a certain ring.

Behari Lal, rubbing his hands again and smiling diffidently, explained:

The ring did indeed exist, and its object, of course, was to make Government accept a high rate; but he, Behari Lal, by buying from the ring in quantities too small to excite suspicion, and through secret agents, against whom the ring would not be on their guard, hoped to obtain the required amount from them at a moderate rate. He knew that, in order to control the market, they had had to buy more than twice what the Sirkar now required, though, out of spite, they would never sell him what was wanted at a moderate rate, and though they would probably withhold their stock from him even now, whatever price he offered, in the hope of making him fail, and so themselves securing the contract after all; yet, even so, it would be now only common prudence on their part to get rid of at least half their accumulated stock to ordinary buyers, such as these secret agents of his would appear to them to be.

Behari Lal's game was deep, not to say underhand, but it involved only such legitimate ruses as were necessary to defeat the base methods of an enemy. Smith decided that under the circumstances it was justifiable. But, even so, 'Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.'

'What is your object,' was, therefore, his final query, 'in coming forward like this, when your profits will not be very large, and the risks of loss which you run are considerable?'

Behari Lal smiled again, his unctuous, deprecating smile. His body wriggled, his hands rubbed each other convulsively.

'Ah! Sahib,' he said, 'I want to be a good servant of the Sirkar, an honourable servant. And when this contract is over, will the Sahib be pleased to represent my case, so that the Sirkar may recognise the services of this faithful and humble one?'

'All right,' said Smith smiling, 'if the stuff turns out all right I'll give you a chit of sorts. Come, sign the deed.'

IV.

Gram was supplied to the required amount, on the due dates, and of excellent quality. Smith was relieved of grave anxiety, and Behari Lal, his former hinting delicacy now abated, reminded the Sahib more than once that it was time that these signal services were duly reported to the powers that were, while a florid imagination aided him in depicting the hardships and personal losses which he had entailed in fulfilling his contract; and at length Smith wrote the required letter, representing the case as indicating special recognition.

Now the difficulty which Smith had been through was one of frequent occurrence in time of war, and had been anticipated. The powers that were were grateful, recognising that a bargain had been made which was both effective and economical. So in one pigeon-hole they placed a note recording Smith's concern in the transaction, and in another a note concerning that of Behari Lal.

The expedition, duly equipped with gram and other stores, went forward. Smith was sent to the front to an important post, and was relieved at the base by Jones. The operations were extensive and successful. They were disguised from the public interest by no peaceful pseudonym, and were dwarfed by no epoch-making war elsewhere. They coincided with great imperial rejoicings, and were thus signalised by a largess of honours.

Jones, sitting one day in what had been Smith's office, opened the newspaper. It contained a long Gazette, in which the name of Smith occurred as the recipient of the D.S.O. It was clear to those who, like Jones, were behind the scenes that this was given for his excellent work at the base. In the same paper was a list of native honours simultaneously granted, in which the name of Behari Lal, Supply and Transport Contractor, figured as gazetted to the title of Rai Bahadur.

Jones smiled grimly at the two announcements, for he now knew more about the great gram contract than did any other official in India. He was in possession of information which, though furnished maliciously and by men who of themselves were powerless to bring it home, was yet based on substantial evidence, and which threw a new light upon the whole matter, and of which the details compressed into a short *précis* now lay locked in the third right-hand drawer of his office writing-table. Under these

circumstances it was at any rate amusing to think of the sudden greatness of Behari Lal. Though doubtless for long a rich man, the latter had remained till lately the typical baniah, but within the past few months had developed in certain directions with wonderful rapidity.

This development was just then epitomised by the entrance of the chaprasi with a card on a tray. The card was as large as a playing card, and had gilt edges. On it near the top the name 'Lalla Behari Lal' was badly lithographed in bold copper plate, while beneath was a certified extract from the orders of the civil authorities to the effect that 'Lalla Behari Lal' was 'Kursi Nishin' and so 'entitled to the courtesy of a chair when visiting European officers and gentlemen.' This latter distinction, as an earnest of the good things to come, had been but recently achieved, but now as a crowning glory the words 'Rai Bahadur' had been entered by him in his own childish English writing after his name, and were pale from recent blotting.

He was shown in. His hands that once clutched each other so nervously now gripped a stout gold-tipped walking stick. In dress he affected black alpaca, relieved by white lawn continuations of a grotesque cut. His figure, once of a uniform rotundity from shoulder to hip, now seemed to have concentrated impressively below the waist, as should be the case with native gentlemen of standing.

Jones made a great fuss about that chair, and the now necessary formality of shaking hands, but withheld his congratulations on the dignity of 'Rai Bahadur.' Instead he unlocked the third right-hand drawer of his writing-table, and, drawing out a paper from it, handed it to his visitor, asking as a favour if he would be pleased to read it. The document had been written clearly and simply and would be intelligible to Behari Lal, who had made a point of adopting the English language among the other attributes of the *élite*. Jones watched him as he spelt the words out. The recent transformation from baniah to native gentleman had indeed been quick, but here was a lightning metamorphosis to the former state. The alpaca even lost its shimmer, and shrivelled into dull creases. The proud stomach and the prosperous chin became amorphous, and but a chaos of flabby flesh. The gold stick dropped to the floor while the hands twitched, and the old cringing manner returned.

That slip of paper recorded that no ring of contractors had

bought up that gram, but that it had all been bought up beforehand by Behari Lal himself; that the contractors who had refused to offer reasonable rates had been Behari Lal's own puppets, bought for the purpose by Behari Lal himself; and that when the latter had posed as the saviour of the Sirkar he had been really making a substantial, though not excessive, profit.

Jones' feelings on the subject were mixed. He knew that if the matter leaked out Smith would be shown up as a dupe instead of a hero, and that two cases of official honours misplaced would detract for ever from the prestige belonging to the latter. He knew also that the few persons possessing a knowledge of the facts, all of them natives, were inured by the inherited effects of former dynasties to the fact that the wicked flourish, and would regard another instance of this as the mere play of kismet. But yet on general principles the affair was very grave, and there seemed little hope that he could shield the delinquent. But he sat there awhile, reserving his judgment.

Meanwhile Behari Lal began to rally. He got his wits together. His self-assurance, though recently acquired and now badly shaken, was not all dead in him. The old paramount humility was still flecked with dashes of the later dignity. He represented his case as follows, half in Hindustani, half in new halting English.

'Yes, Sahib, it was a fault. Be pleased to forgive it. I was a humble man in those days. I was little Behari Lal who kept shop in bazaar and had money, but nothing more. Little humble men do these things. They tell lies to Sirkar and give Sirkar much trouble. But I am not humble man like that now. I am Lalla Behari Lal, municipal councillor, highly approved contractor, man of great importance in city and also in cantonment, and faithful esteemed servant of Sirkar. Men like that not do these things. But, Sahib, if you make report and tell what Behari Lal, little trader, once did, then it is great mistake. For then Lalla Behari Lal, Rai Bahadur, come to great disgrace all on account of Behari Lal, little trader in bazaar. He no longer be municipal councillor, highly approved contractor, faithful esteemed servant of Sirkar. So Sirkar lose one faithful esteemed useful servant, who become again small petty man, badmash, rogue. And Sahib, had Behari Lal wished, he could have kept that gram, and made Sirkar pay very large price. But even then he wish to be honourable man: he wish to be respectable native gentleman, Rai

Bahadur, so he not charge high rate, but make only little profit, and let Sirkar have gram at suitable price, and Sirkar very grateful.'

* * Which aspect of the case set Jones thinking. For Izat, in the guise of meretricious wanton, had dallied with a rogue along the paths of his roguery, but had led him unawares into the turning which leads towards virtue.

POWELL MILLINGTON.

* * The attention of Mrs. Woods has been called to an error contained in a passage of her article on 'Guipúzcoa' which appeared in the October number of this magazine (p. 458),¹ a passage impugning the veracity of Ignatius Loyola. The statement called in question was based on an ambiguity in Stewart Rose's *Life of the Saint*. The subsequent consultation of other authorities has removed the misconception under which the remarks in question were written, and Mrs. Woods begs to withdraw the statement, with sincere regret for having been betrayed into a criticism which proves on fuller knowledge to be unjustified.—ED. CORNHILL.

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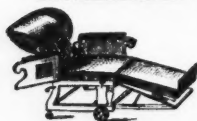
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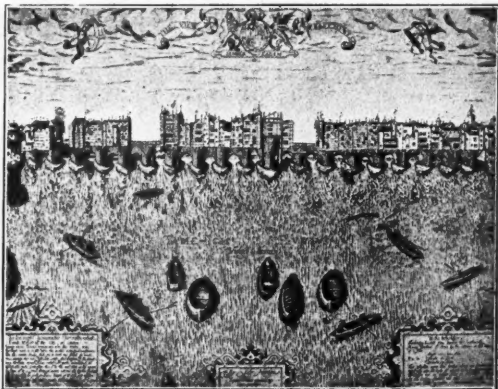
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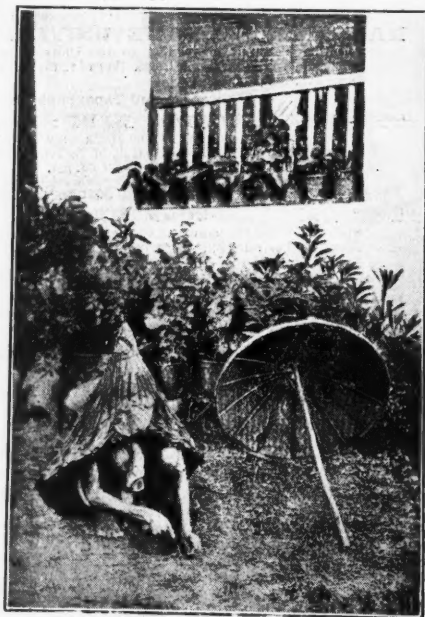
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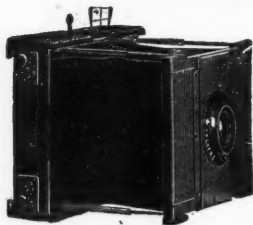
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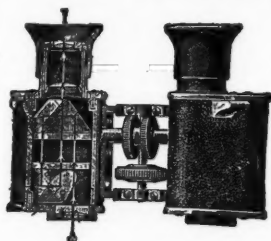
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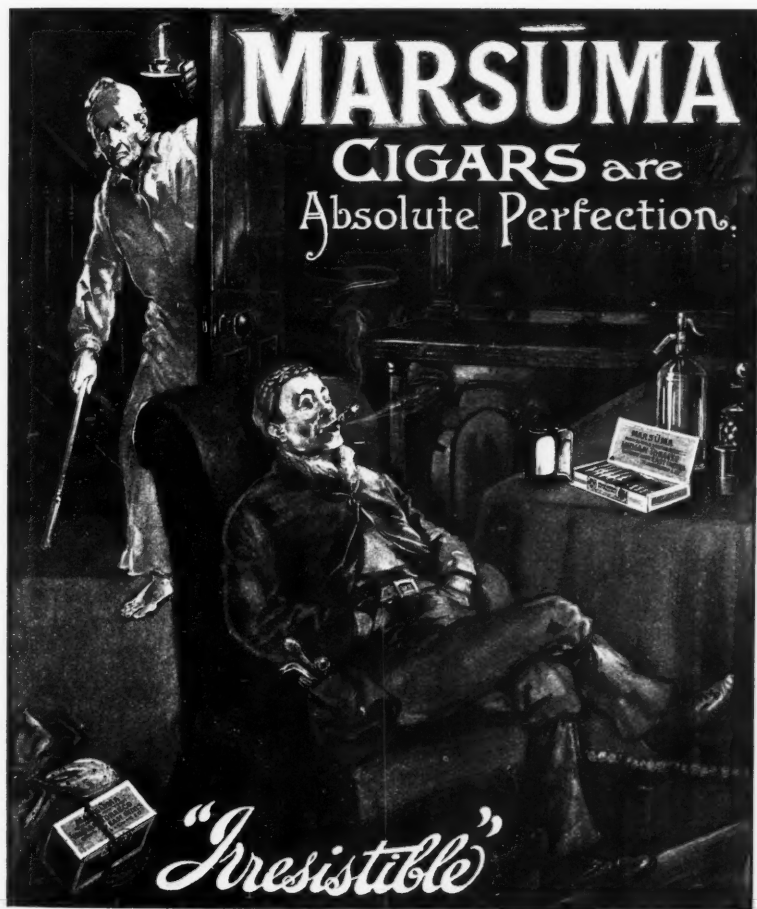
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If they come out of the ordeal successfully, and the cigar suits your taste and pocket, then we do not ask you to change. But if the reverse is the case, then we ask you to make a trial of the "MARSUMA" Cigar. If, after trying a box, you are not fully satisfied, we are willing to take back the broken box and cheerfully allow you full price for contents.

*Apply all these tests to the
"MARSUMA" Cigars.
They will triumph over all.*

H. ANDIAMIO & Co.,

HAVANNA, *Near . . .* ENGLAND,
Congleton,

ARMY



NAVY

LORD KITCHENER enjoys "MARSUMAS," 17, Belgrave Square, July 22nd, 1902:

"Sirs,—Lord Kitchenier desires me to express to you his thanks for the cigars you kindly sent him, and which

—Yours truly,

F. A. MAXWELL, Capt."

Lieut.-Col. FRED HOLE, Elm Court, Bablacombe, S. Devon, writes July 27th, 1902:

"Gentlemen,—Thank you very much for sending me the two boxes of cigars. They are most excellent, and I consider my luck was 'dead in' when I first saw your advertisement. I have spent twenty-eight years of my life in India, and never knew that it could produce such tobacco as yours, and

—Yours truly, F. HOLE."

General Sir E. MARKHAM, Nazing Park, Waltham Cross, Herts., September 8th, 1902:

"Requests Messrs. H. Andiamo & Co. will send him by post the following 'MARSUMA' Cigars. . . Colonel Chamberlain recommended him to try them."

Capt. JOHN A. PLINAHAM Maida Barracks, Aldershot, writes:

R. J. SHERWOOD-DODD, Esq., The Rhododendrons, Sheringham, September 10th, 1902:

difficult, when on furlough from India, as I am at present, to get a good cigar, equal to those we smoke there, and at the same time within the range of our pockets. These cigars seem to fill the blank.

General W. DICKSON, 20, Portman Square, W., October 2nd, 1902:

Lieut.-Col. E. SULLIVAN, Eastcote Hill, Pinner, October 11th, 1902:

Captain W. HOLDING, 51, Evelyn Gardens, S.W.:

Lieut.-Gen. BARNARD HANKEY, 2, Morpeth Terrace, Victoria Street, S.W.:

Major M. W. WARD-JACKSON, Camp Hill, Lyndhurst:

Capt. MORGAN, Avonhill, Christchurch Road, Cheltenham, September 24th, 1902:

"... finds the 'Surabarangs' quite the best Indian cigars he ever smoked."

Capt. J. BATH, Herbert Road, Plumstead:

"The box of No. 2 'Sumba' Cigars are gone.

Please send 50 'Surabayas,' for which I enclose 10s."

Col. E. A. IVES, Gaston Grange, Alton, Hants., November 14th, 1902:

"The 'Surabaya Claro MARSUMAS'

LORD DUNRAVEN, 27, Norfolk Street, Park Lane, W., September 5th, 1902:

"I enclose P.O. for the 'Surabarang,' which his lordship thinks is Have you this quality in smaller size?"

Capt. G. M. MOLESWORTH, R.N., writes to one of our customers:

To Mr. W. POUND, Tobacconist, Mill Street, Bideford.

Union Club, Westward Ho! October 7th, 1902.

"Dear Sir,—I have stayed in Havana some time and smoked Cabanas and the best brands of the Island. I consider Havana brands have deteriorated considerably since I was there, and it is difficult to find good cigars except at high prices. I have smoked the box of 100 MARSUMAS, as well as the samples of 1d. to 2d. which I purchased from you.

If the 'MARSUMA' people continue to supply the same quality, and at the present price, you ought to do a good business with them.—Yours faithfully,

G. M. MOLESWORTH Capt. R.N."

Capt. R. TRISS, Bird Hill, Limerick:

"I got a couple of boxes of 'Surabarang' and for the price, 10s. for 25,

STATE.



CHURCH.

SIR EDMUND BARTON:

"I am directed by Sir Edmund Barton to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 26th inst., and to thank you for the box of your new brand of cigars, 'Suralorang,' at 1/- per 100. I am to inform you that Sir Edmund Barton has smoked one or two of the cigars.

Sir Edmund Barton will be pleased if you will send him a box containing a hundred of the cigars in question."

Mr. MAURICE LEVY, M.P., writes:

"Many thanks for samples of 'MARSEMA' Cigars.

This letter has been forwarded to us by Mr. J. SMITH, Cigar Importer, Leicester, to whom it was addressed

Mr. HENRY BROADHURST, J.P., M.P. for Leicester, writes:

"Dear Sir,—I have tried your cigars, and House of Commons, Feb. 24th, 1903.
They are well made
and in good condition. I —I am, yours truly,
HENRY BROADHURST."

Mr. LAWSON WALTON, the eminent K.C. and Member for South Leeds, writes:

"Mr. Lawson Walton is obliged for the 'MARSEMA' Cigars you have sent him, and thinks

Mr. WILLIAM REDMOND, M.P. for East Clare, writes:

"Dear Sir,—Many thanks for the 'MARSEMA' Cigars you sent me, House of Commons, March 14th, 1903.
—Yours very truly, WILLIAM REDMOND."

Mr. J. HENDERSON, J.P., Effingham, Crawley Downs, Sussex, Dec. 24th, 1902:

"Re 'MARSEMAS.'—Having smoked for something like 40 years,
to equal them."

Rev. C. D. OWEN, The Rectory, Thorpe, Tamworth:

"I consider 'MARSEMA' excellent cigars, and, moreover, they are so beautifully matured and well made, drawing easily.

Rev. E. G. LINCOLN WANSBROUGH, Maidstone Road, Chatham, August 13th, 1902, writes:

"Many thanks for your attention to my inquiries. The cigars are to hand, and I like them. The thing you must do is to keep these goods up to sample. The curse of commerce seems to me to be that things are not kept up to sample. When people have to establish a line there is blowing of trumpets, etc. I prefer to wait and see. I trust your will be maintained. I have thoroughly tested your statements as to this cigar—'MARSEMA'—and it A good cigar is a great boon to smokers.—Wishing you success, etc."

Rev. ALAN BRODRICK, Broughton Gifford, Melksham, writes:

Rev. CHAS. E. BEEBY, Yardley Wood Vicarage, Near Birmingham, writes:

"I find the 'MARSEMAS'

Lord GEORGE CAMPBELL.
Right Hon. Earl of DUNRAVEN.
Viscount MONCK.
Right Hon. Lord MOSLEY.
Sir Wm. ONSLOW, Bart.
Right Hon. Lord SHANNON.
Sir THOMAS WRIGHT.
Sir EDMUND BARTON.
Count de NEVERS.
Major-Gen. WALTER KITCHENER.

Gen. W. O. BARNARD, 3, Grand Parade, Eastbourne.
Col. E. H. CHAMBERLIN, 50, 50, Jeremy Street, S.W.
Lord HASTINGS.
Col. ROBERTS, 13, Farnshaw Road, S.W.
Lieut-Col. W. R. TREVELLYAN, Penzance.
Gen. DICKSON.
Sir HENRY IRVING.
Sir A. CONAN DOYLE.
Mr. A. W. PINERO.
Mr. OSCAR DE SATTE.

As the "MARSEMA" has pleased above, so will it please you.

HAVANA TOBACCO IS PLAYED OUT.

THERE is not the slightest doubt that the Havana tobacco of to-day and the Havana of a generation ago are entirely different things. Then Havana was in its prime, but planting the same crop year after year has so impoverished the soil on most plantations that, as Captain Molesworth, R.N., writes, "Havana cigars have considerably deteriorated," and 99 per cent. of those imported are the veriest rubbish, and would not find a sale at all if it were not for their past reputation. Any tyro of a farmer or planter will tell you that no soil will stand the drain of successive plantings of the same crop.

Some cigar-smokers make the boast that they never smoke anything but Havana cigars. How can such smokers be considered to be judges if they have only smoked the one kind? We ask such men to try one "MARSUMA," and if they do not find it incomparably superior to an Havana, then send us the partly consumed cigar, and we will refund the money paid for it.

We want you to look at this matter from an unbiased, unprejudiced point of view. Let us again impress you with the fact that Havana is not now the best cigar tobacco. Most Havana is really very inferior.

THE VERY FINEST CIGAR Tobacco in the world is the best EAST Indies.
Mind—EAST Indies, not Indian.

The "MARSUMA" is a secret blend, principally composed of choicest EAST Indies Tobacco, which is the most costly in the world.

A generation ago "Havanas" were undoubtedly the best cigars to be obtained. At that time the islands of EAST Indies, where the tobacco is grown from which "MARSUMA" cigars are made were not under cultivation, so Havana tobacco was then the most costly and the finest in the world. But this tobacco has year by year become poorer in quality. Too much has been taken out of the soil, and artificial manures have entirely spoiled the quality of the tobacco. Most of this tobacco is now not only inferior, but absolutely nauseous, and quite unfit for cigar purposes.

Everyone who first buys a "MARSUMA" experiences a new sensation. Many buy one from curiosity, and are astounded at the marvellous quality, and send on large orders for themselves or friends.

HERR JOHANN LIEBMANN, the Great Tobacco Expert, says:—

"Tobacco grown in certain districts in EAST INDIES is the finest the world produces, a price of 10 marks per half-kilo has been obtained for the pick of this, and I have never known an instance of more than 11 marks per half-kilo having been paid for Cuban Havana tobacco."

The Finest Cigar the World Produces.

IT is a marvellous thing how old-fashioned prejudices cling to us. We have, for instance, been accustomed all our life to look upon Havana tobacco as the very finest procurable. This, of course, was the case 20 years ago. Havana tobacco was then the most costly in the world.

BUT THIS IS NOT THE CASE NOW.

Tobacco grown in certain districts of East Indies is now not only the finest but the most costly tobacco in the world. If you paid £1 for each cigar you could not get a better one than the best "MARSUMA."

This is the question asked by many. The answer is that we have struck out in an entirely new departure. Most dealers have been making enormous profits on cigars; in many cases as much as 100 per cent. The "MARSUMA" leaves only a fair profit to the retailer, but those Tobacconists who stock it find that they are just as well off, as their sales are trebled and quadrupled, and the public get such value for their money as has never before been dreamt of in the cigar trade.

In most leading towns, every Tobacconist of note stocks all sizes of "MARSUMAS." In London there are many "fictitious" Tobacconists, and also many old-fashioned Tobacconists, and both of these will only sell cigars which bear enormous profits. The "MARSUMA" has already the largest sale of any cigar in England. Its intrinsic merit has recommended it everywhere. A cigar that has received praise from Lord Kitchener, Sir Henry Irving, Right Honourable the Earl of Dunraven, Sir Edmund Barton, and the hundreds of other well-known men, must be something out of the ordinary.

If you ask for "MARSUMAS," do not be put off with any other cigar. We have had complaints of retailers endeavouring to sell a cigar with similar names when asked for "MARSUMAS." All "MARSUMAS" except Nos. 1 and 2, are banded with Red and Gold Band, with name "MARSUMA" on. MINI, a RED and GOLD BAND. Do not accept an inferior article which dishonest Tobacconists would prefer to sell for extra profit. If your Tobacconist will not supply "MARSUMAS" then support the more up-to-date firms.

"Marsūma."

EAST



H. A. Williams & Co.

H. A. Williams

Your Cigar Store

100 N. 1st St.

Any of these are better than imported Havanas at treble the cost.

PRICE LIST.

No. 1.	8 -	8 -	1d.	2 -
" 2.	7 6	15 -	2d.	1 -
" 3.	18 6	18 6	3d.	1 -
" 4.	10 -	20 -	3d.	1 -
" 5.	7 -	28 -	4d.	1 -
" 6.	10 -	40 -	6d.	1 -

Prices in Bond, Duty free, can be obtained on application to us.

Why the "MARSŪMA" Cigar is the best in the world.

Good tobacco can only be grown on virgin soil. This is the reason that most Havana and Mexican cigars are now so poor in quality and lacking in aroma.

Artificial manures have been used to force the growth of these tobaccos, and this entirely spoils the quality.

The tobacco from which the "MARSŪMA" cigar is made is grown on virgin soil, that is, land which has been covered for all known time with rank, wild undergrowth. This is burnt, the land tilled, and tobacco seeds sown, and only in this manner can good tobacco be obtained. Every few years the ground is allowed to return to this wild state, but in Cuba and Mexico this is not done, and consequently these tobaccos have deteriorated year by year, and must now give place to EAST Indies tobacco, the finest the world produces.

Every leaf used in the manufacture of the "MARSŪMA" cigars has first to pass through the hands of a skilled expert. All green, yellow, unripe, unfermented tobacco is discarded, and only the ripe, fully-cured leaves used. No time, trouble, or expense is spared in making the "MARSŪMA" the best cigar in the world.

Quite different from any cigar offered before, the peculiarity of the East Indian tobacco is that the dark leaves are equally mild as the light-coloured ones.

Only ripe tobacco being used in their manufacture, "MARSŪMA" cigars are always a rich brown or dark brown colour.

Being made from picked sweet-scented leaves of the young tobacco plant, the cigars have a most fragrant, pleasing flavour, peculiarly their own.

You can smoke them safely, even if you have the most delicate constitution; they produce no after ill effects, like so many Havana and Mexican cigars.

HAVANNA, near Congleton, ENGLAND.

"Marsūma" DE LUXE.

The most carefully matured and most skilfully blended of the costliest tobaccos in the world is "Marsūma" DE LUXE.

Everyone who has smoked "Marsūmas" acknowledges them to be the finest cigars in the world. "Marsūma" DE LUXE are the **"best of the best."**

Not cheap Indian tobacco, but **EAST** Indies, the most costly tobacco in the world.

Beware of Imitations. See that name "MARSŪMA" is on each band.

Do not be put off with any cheap imitation, or you will be disappointed. It is an entirely different cigar to any you have ever smoked before.

A cigar to equal "MARSŪMA" DE LUXE has never before been produced. You can pay double the price for a Havana cigar, but you would not get one anything nearly so good. The most eminent men in the United Kingdom smoke "MARSŪMA" DE LUXE. Made from tobacco grown on virgin soil: the ideal tobacco for cigar connoisseurs.

A few opinions of "MARSŪMA" DE LUXE. (We do not publish any testimonials without giving full name and address):

Mr. J. B. M. LINSARD-MONK, Fulshaw Hall, Wilmslow, Cheshire, Feb. 16th, 1902, writes:

"I found the cigars when I got here on Tuesday night. In the evening I smoked a 'Suronata' and found it excellent. I then smoked a much more expensive '——' and preferred the 'Suronata.' The 'Suronata' is I do not think I ever smoked anything I liked better."

* Here is mentioned the name of the most expensive brand of imported Havanas. A cigar retelling at 5/- each.

T. R. STREET, Esq., 210, Bristol Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, 26th December, 1902, writes:

"Dear Sir, — Please send two boxes 'Suramba' and one No. 4 'Surambarta' 'MARSŪMA' DE LUXE."

—Yours faithfully, T. R. STREET."

T. W. BOWLBY, Esq., 25, Westbourne Gardens, London, W., December 22nd, 1902, writes:

"I like the samples of 'MARSŪMA' DE LUXE, and shall be glad to have name of London dealer."

Major A. GREAVES BANNING, Eastbrook, Taunton:

"I enclose cheque for £1. Please forward me by return so 'MARSŪMA' DE LUXE 'Suramba'."

Mr. G. T. BRIDGES, 27, Hanbury Road, Clifton, March 14th, 1903:

"With regard to DE LUXE, I consider them especially No. 4, and much better than Havana cigars at the same price, at all events, any I can buy. If you can always keep up to this standard you will do well. My friends who have tried them are of my opinion."

W. B. SLATER, Esq., 1, Belsize Square, London, N.W., November 14th, 1902, writes:

"Thanks for note. I am not a large smoker, but I like tobacco and not manure, which I have smelled in most Havana cigars for years past."

J. ROBSON, Esq., Melrose Hall, Hove, Sussex:

"I have now given your East Indian Cigars a good trial."

Lieut.-Col. W. LONGBOURNE, Whitebar, Ballymore Eustace, Co. Kildare.

Wm. J. GILLET, Esq., Ashby House, Stratford, Guildford, Surrey, writes:

"Over-manning worked-out soils has been the ruin of some of the best plantations in Cuba."

Marsūma

DE LUXE.

PRICE LIST.

No. 1.	10/-	40 -
" 2.	15 -	60 -
" 3.	20 -	80 -
" 4.	30 -	120 -
" 5.	20 -	200 -

H. ANDIAMO
& CO.

HAVANNA

NEAR
Congleton.

ENGLAND

NOTE.—

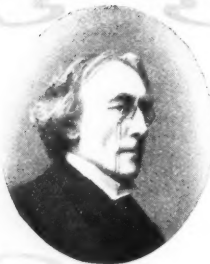
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Should you have any difficulty in obtaining these cigars, write to us, the sole proprietors, and we will give you the name of the nearest tobacconist who stocks them, or, to enable you to give them a trial, we will, ourselves, forward you box or boxes upon receipt of Postal Order or cheque, carriage paid.





Sir HENRY IRVING, 17, Stratton Street, Piccadilly, W., 21st September, 1902:

"Many thanks for the cigars, which are

Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH:

"I never wish to smoke anything better.

Mr. A. W. PINERO:

"Mr. Pinero has much pleasure in saying that he has smoked some of the 'MARSEMA' cigars sent him as samples by Messrs. H. Andiamo & Co., and that he has found them excellent. He congratulates Messrs. H. Andiamo & Co.

Mr. DAN LENO:

"I received the cigars, they are fine, good value. You should have a good sale."

Mr. CLEM HILL, Prince of Wales Hotel, Harrogate:

"I have tried them and before I leave,"

and will send you an order

Mr. H. TRUMBLE, Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool:

"I find the cigars

Mr. J. DARLING, Inns of Court Hotel, London:

"Your cigars are in great favor, and will recommend them to my friends as a really enjoyable smoke."

EDWIN GREENE, Esq., the well-known composer, 2, Buckingham Villas, Cheltenham, writes:

"The 'MARSEMA' cigars are a revelation, lovely aroma and flavor. A marvel to me how you can do them at the price."

Second Letter:

"In re-ordering 'MARSEMAS' I have great pleasure in saying I find your cigars a real pleasure; they do not affect the nerves as the Havanas so often do, and their aroma is a

Mr. E. REED, The Rockery, Painswick, near Stroud, Gloucester:

"Gentlemen.—You sent me a sample box of your 'MARSEMA' Cigars a few days ago, and I am very pleased with them.

Third Letter and Order, December 25th, 1902:

"Dear Sir,—I am not care to smoke any other.—Yours faithfully, E. REED."

and now I do

Mr. KENDALL ROBINSON, Trentham, Kingston Hill, Surrey, November 5th, 1902, writes:

"Please send me a box of No. 3 'MARSEMAS,' for which I enclose cheque. I came across these cigars the other evening at a friend's house. There are many things I don't know, but I know a good cigar when it comes my way. The 'MARSEMA,' No. 3, answers perfectly to this description."

MR. HOWARD PAUL

THE FINEST JUDGE OF A CIGAR IN ENGLAND

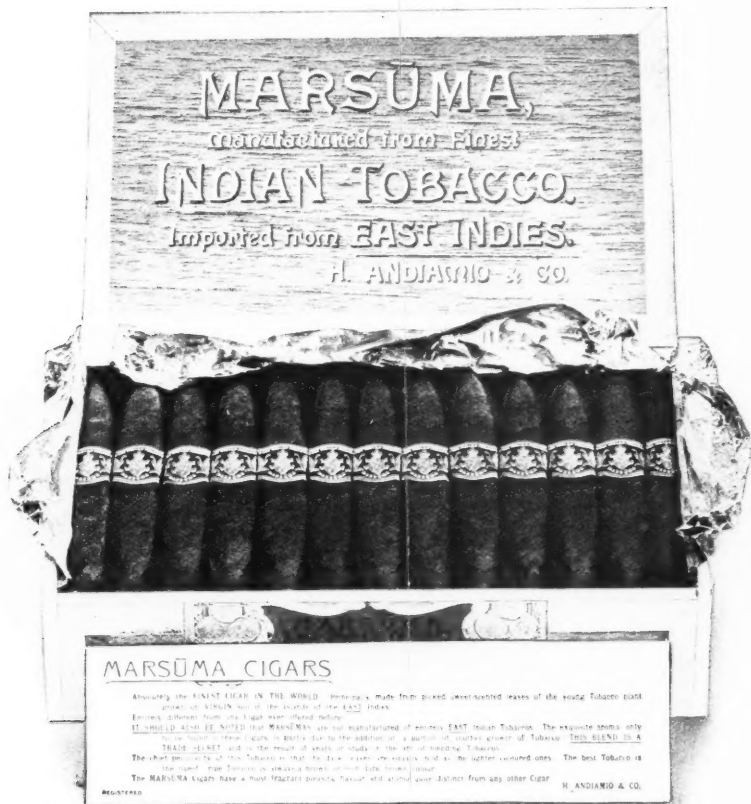
It has often been a debatable point, Who is the finest judge of a cigar in England? Lord Kitchener is considered to be a keen judge of what a cigar should be, but it is generally admitted that Mr. Howard Paul takes the first place as a cigar critic. Mr. Paul has visited most countries where cigar tobacco is grown. Whilst in Cuba he was the guest of Senor Alvarez, the former proprietor of the Henry Clay Cigar Factory. We have received the following entirely unsolicited testimonial from Mr. Paul:

EAST Indies Tobacco

Is the most costly in the world.

You have never experienced to perfection the
delicious and healthy life delights of smoking until you
have smoked a "MARSUMA".

FACSIMILE OF BOX "MARSUMA" SURABAYA, No. 4.



EXCLUSIVE RETAIL AGENT

Mr. J. F. BELFORD, Cigar Merchant,
35, Halkett Place,
JERSEY, CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Finest **EAST** Indian Tobacco is the most costly in the World

We want to impress this upon you. The finest EAST Indian is now more costly than the finest Havana. We dare not make this assertion unless it was strictly true. The above fact is not generally known, as it is only in recent years that tobacco of such fine quality has been grown in the EAST Indies; so most smokers look upon Havana still as the best. But we assert, as tobacco experts, and can prove it up to the hilt, that this is not so. Finest Indian is far away the best tobacco—also the most costly. Ninety per cent. of the imported Havana cigars are the greatest rubbish—the tobacco of which they are made being really only fit for the pipe; and such cigars would have no sale at all, only for their past reputation. Continental countries have recognized the superiority of Indian tobacco, and it is only a question of time when England will follow suit. Old Havana cigar smokers are astounded on smoking their first MARSŪMA.



WEST TO EAST

A generation ago the finest tobacco in the world was produced in the islands of the West Indies, more particularly the Island of Cuba, whose cigars were justly celebrated the world over. The enormous demand for the tobacco caused the inevitable over-production, impoverishing the soil (there is no more exhausting crop than tobacco), and year by year the tobacco has got worse and worse. This was the chance for the

EAST.

Tobacco was first planted in the Islands of the East Indies some thirty years ago. The rich virgin soil of these islands produced a tobacco of marvellous quality; every year improving as the Planters became more skilled in the curing, until at last perfection was reached; and now the pick of tobacco from these islands commands a price almost double that paid for the best Havana.

H. ANDIAMIO & CO.,

HAVANNA near Congleton, ENGLAND



ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER.—SUPPORTED SOLELY BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

Patron—His Most Gracious Majesty the King.

President—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

Chairman—Sir EDWARD BIRKBECK, Bart., F.P.

Deputy Chairman—COLONEL FITZROY CLAYTON, V.P.

Secretary—CHARLES DIBDIN, Esq., F.R.G.S.



A P P E A L .

THE Committee of the Royal National Life-boat Institution earnestly appeal to the British Public for Funds to enable them to maintain their 288 Life-boats now on the Coast and their Crews in the most perfect state of efficiency. This can only be effected by a large and permanent annual income. The Annual Subscriptions, Donations, and Dividends are quite inadequate for the purpose. The Committee are confident that in their endeavour to provide the brave Life-boatmen, who nobly hazard their lives in order that they may save others, with the best possible means for carrying on their great work, they will meet with the entire approval of the people of this the greatest maritime country in the world, and that their appeal will not be made in vain, so that the scope and efficiency of our great life-saving service, of which the Nation has always been so proud, may not have to be curtailed.

The Institution granted rewards for the saving of 455 lives in 1902, namely, 364 by the Life-boats, and 91 by fishing and other boats. Total of lives saved, for which rewards have been granted, from the Establishment of the Institution in 1824 to 31st December, 1902, 43,652.

It should be specially noted that the Life-boat Crews, excepting when remunerated by the owners of vessels for property salvage service, are paid by the Institution for their efforts, whether successful or not, in saving life.

Annual Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully received by the Secretary, Charles Dibdin, Esq., at the Institution, 14, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.; by the Bankers of the Institution, Messrs. Coutts and Co., 59, Strand; by all the other Bankers in the United Kingdom; and by all the Life-boat Branches.

[P.T.O.]

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

(Supported solely by Voluntary Contributions.)

ITS OBJECT AND WORK.

The work of the Institution mainly consists of—

1. Building, equipping and maintaining Life-boats, transporting carriages, boathouses and slipways, wherever required on the Coasts of the United Kingdom.
 2. Payments and the granting of rewards to Life-boat coxswains, crews and helpers, for services rendered, including exercises; medals and vellums being awarded for conspicuous bravery.
 3. Awarding medals, vellums or grants of money to those who, at the risk of their own lives, save, or endeavour to save, by means of shore boats or otherwise, life from shipwreck on the Coasts of the United Kingdom.
 4. Granting pecuniary compensation to men injured on service.
 5. Granting pecuniary compensation to the Widows and other dependent relatives of Life-boatmen who lose their lives on service; not less than £100 being allowed for each Widow and £25 for each dependent child.
 6. Granting pensions or retiring allowances to Life-boat coxswains, bowmen and signalmen of long service and good character.
-

The moneys received from the Life-boat Saturday Fund are, as far as possible, applied by the Committee of Management towards meeting the expenses of items Nos. 2, 4, 5 and 6 only.

Policy Accounts with the Policyholders

Showing the Working of the Society's "Compound Bonus" System,* and its practical effect per £1000 assured under participating policies of all durations, from the oldest to the most recently issued, as at 31st December 1901, when the last Division of Profits was declared.

Bonuses declared.	£1000 Assured and Bonus Additions thereto under Policies issued in the following years											
	1826	1838	1845	1852	1859	1866	1873	1880	1887	1894	1901	
Original Sum Assured	£1000	£1000	£1000	£1000	£1000	£1000	£1000	£1000	£1000	£1000	£1000	
Bonus declared 1831	90	
Do. 1838	152	20	
Do. 1845	174	143	20	
Do. 1852	174	143	125	18	
Do. 1859	181	148	130	116	16	
Do. 1866	188	152	128	108	90	13	
Do. 1873	240	196	172	153	136	124	18	
Do. 1880	262	215	188	166	148	135	121	17	
Do. 1887	293	240	210	186	165	152	135	121	17	
Do. 1894	328	268	235	208	185	169	152	135	121	17	...	
Do. 1901	367	300	263	232	207	189	169	152	135	121	17	
Total Sum payable	£3449	£2825	£2471	£2187	£1947	£1782	£1595	£1425	£1273	£1138	£1017	

* Under the "Compound Bonus" System Bonuses accumulate on Original Sums Assured, and on Bonuses in force as well, just as, in compound interest, interest accumulates on interest as well as principal: the effect of which is that the Bonuses become greatly larger with the increasing age of the policy than they could under the ordinary system, thus: the Compound Bonus of £5:4:9d. per cent, declared at 31st December 1901, computed on Original Sums alone, gradually increased from that rate on the youngest policy to £5:4:9d. per cent on the oldest, as shown in full detail in the Society's prospectus. In the manner

A Compound Intermediate Bonus accrues with payment of each annual premium due between 31st December 1901 and 1906, at the rate of £1:12s. per cent on the above total sums, which will yield from £1:13s. to £5:10:5d. per cent per annum on the Original Sums Assured.

Nothing can more clearly substantiate the Society's claim to be a "Great Bonus Yielding Office" than the above Policy Accounts, while their fullness and simplicity render misunderstanding impossible.

LONDON, 28 CORNHILL, E.C., AND 5 WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

R. & R. Clark, Ltd., Printers, Edinburgh.

ESTABLISHED 1815

THE
Scottish Widows' Fund
Life Assurance Society



*See Policy Accounts with the Policyholders within
relating to Policies of all durations*

FUNDS	.	.	.	£16,500,000
REVENUE	.	.	.	£1,700,000

The Society being a Mutual one,
the Whole Funds, Revenue, and Profits
belong to the Policyholders

HEAD OFFICE: 9 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH



For Skin and Complexion.

PLANTOL SOAP

Soothing Emollient.
 Agreeable Cleanser.
 Economical in Use.
 Abundant in Lather.
 Delightfully Perfumed.

PLANTOL SOAP

A COMBINATION OF
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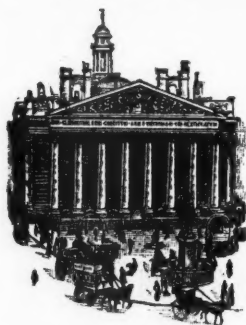
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